The Nation

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The Week

While instant help was the uppermost demand when the news of the terrible disasters in Ohio and Indiana first came, it is of the highest importance that the thought of the country should be directed at this time to the great need of considering the whole problem of river floods, as a standing peril to millions of our people, and a steadily recurrent cause of colossal destruction of property. It is only when stirred to the depths by a great tragedy like this that the people at large realize the duty of averting calamities which come rarely and unexpectedly. It was thus that the Triangle Waist fire led to legislation for the improvement of the fire-safety laws in New York. But in this matter of the floods, there exists a prior difficulty which is in itself formidable. The problem here is not only to institute improvements, but in the first place to ascertain what are the means to which we may resort with a hope of ending the evil, or of bringing it within as narrow bounds as possible. No time should be lost in setting on foot, and pushing with the utmost vigor, an investigation of the whole problem by the highest scientific and engineering ability that the country can command. A liberal appropriation for this purpose should be the first act of Congress at its approaching extra session.

It was long ago discovered by one who had had ample experience in the patronage business that every time he selected an appointee to office he made ten enemies and one ingrate. The figures given out last week at Washington show that the statistical basis for this political theorem still exists, for there are 131,530 applicants for the 10,384 offices that are to be given out. But while the *ratio* continues to hold good, it is a great comfort to reflect that the absolute numbers are immensely different from what they would have been under the good old ways of a former generation. The total number of positions under the Federal Government is now not far from 400,000. How large a proportion of these would be regarded as falling under the fine old Jacksonian principle of rotation if it had not been for the growth of civil service reform, we cannot venture to say; but it would certainly furnish an appalling aggregate, even without multiplying by ten the number of "ingrates."

In choosing Walter H. Page as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, President Wilson has selected a gentleman of unusual charm and unquestioned ability. This pleasingly upholds the tradition that a man of letters should represent the United States in Great Britain. That Mr. Page is not known to the English public outside of the publishing world is unquestionably true. But it will not take him long, in our judgment, to win a place for himself in their estimation. A ready and graceful speaker, he has many of the best qualities of the diplomat. More than that, he has a most unusual knowledge and understanding of American life. A Southerner of broad views, he has long lived in New York and New England, besides studying with great care Western problems. In the revival of education in the South he has played a noteworthy part, as a member of both the Southern and the General Education Boards. Finally, that Mr. Page is not reputed to have wealth is a proof that the country is not shut up to being represented abroad by millionaires alone.

A method of checking Federal extravagance, particularly in the matter of public buildings and river and harbor improvements, is suggested in an article in *Harper's Weekly* by Anson Phelps Stokes, jr., of Yale University. It is, in a word, to condition national appropriations upon local contributions. By this plan, no new building for a post office or Federal court house, costing $100,000, would be authorized unless 10 per cent. of the sum were forthcoming from the city or town where it was to be erected. So with dredging rivers; the State or region benefited would be called upon to meet a percentage of the expense. Mr. Stokes points out that this would be only an enlargement of a policy already followed, in a hesitating way, by the general Government. It would also be in accord with the practice of road-making in many States, which require counties or townships to cover a part of the cost. Nor can there be any doubt that, if the system were to be made the rule in Congressional appropriations of the kind, the "pork barrel" would shrink in size.

Col. Roosevelt told his Progressive followers at Albany last Friday night that the existence of their party is necessary in order to compel the rich to divide with the poor. This is not the language he used, but it is the effect of what he said. He cited the case of two wealthy men in Chicago whose wills disposed of property amounting to more than $20,000,000, yet who in their lifetime had employed girls in their shops at very low wages. "Conditions like that," he observed, "will be changed under our leadership." But at that game the Socialists can beat him hollow. It is easy to imagine a Socialist orator dilating on the shocking instance of a millionaire resident of Oyster Bay, who inherited all his money, yet who paid his cook and butler and gardener only the current wages. "Conditions like that," the Socialist agitator might conclude, "will be changed under our leadership." And could Col. Roosevelt say him nay, except by denying the validity of general principles, and exposing himself to the rebuke of Socrates for refusing to "follow the argument"?

Secretary Daniels has started well with a vigorous effort to break up the clique of naval officers which regards the Navy Department as its own, and by insisting that sea service is to count towards promotion. This will drive many influential navy officers to sea. There is something about the atmosphere of both the War and Navy Departments that makes for cliques, rings, and abuses of varying kinds. In the War Department there are officers who have been intrenched for years and years, and they perpetuate their dynasty by getting Presidents to appoint their friends to high positions. Hence their nickname of "Manchus." Last year Congress struck a deadly blow at "Manchuism"

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by compelling officers after four years of detached service to return for at least two years to regimental duty. This made a tremendous upset in the army, and was vigorously opposed by Gen. Wood and other insiders. Army opinion outside of Washington favors the extension of the order to take in the majors, lieutenant-colonels, and colonels now excluded from its excellent provisions. Under Mr. Taft the Manchus had it all their own way. It hardly seemed possible for him to appoint or promote a general outside of the War Department. For an officer to leave Washington was truly to be out of mind as well as out of sight. All of which affords a wonderful opportunity for Secretary Garrison.

They are retired but not retiring, those half-pay naval officers who have been touring the Southern Chautauquas and lyceums preaching the message of a big navy and big naval appropriations. In the opinion of Senator Johnston, of the Senate Military Committee, himself a Southerner, this educational campaign has taken on something of the dimensions of a movement to prevent the election of Congressmen and Senators opposed to the big-navy idea. We sincerely hope that Senator Johnston will have the backing of President Wilson in his attempt to put a stop to such practices. The navy is by no means the only sinner in this respect. There are too many high officers in the army who devote to the business of publicity time that should be given to their strictly professional duties.

The breaking of the six weeks' Senatorial deadlock in Illinois by the election of Lewis, Democrat, and Sherman, Republican, for the long and the short term, respectively, was a victory for Gov. Dunne. In the beginning, he, with the National Committee, was inclined to demand both of the Senatorships, but a single week of balloting convinced him that such an outcome was impossible. Thereafter he bent his energies to the achievement of the agreement which was carried out. The Sherman supporters gave him little encouragement at first, as they were planning a pact with the Progressives which would have left the Democrats without either prize. Reluctance on the part of a considerable number of the Progressives to join hands with a body of men some of whom wore the Lorimer stripes proved fatal to any such arrangement. Indeed, Gov. Dunne won four of the Progressives over to Lewis. Not until last week, nevertheless, did the Republicans give up hope of the long term. Enough members of the Legislature signed the bi-partisan agreement, however, to make the result certain—the most logical issue that could have been brought about.

An interesting development in the direction of centring legislative responsibility has been taken by the Illinois House of Representatives. By unanimous vote, a rule was adopted which prescribes that the Governor may designate any bill as an "Administration measure," and that it shall have the right of way immediately after appropriation bills. The House is to sit in committee of the whole every Tuesday morning to consider Administration measures. Such a rule is particularly desirable in Illinois, where juggling with bills in committee and "gavel rule" have been among the worst features of the bi-partisan alliance that is even now struggling to regain a foothold. The larger significance of the new rule is its recognition, to some extent at least, of the greater part which the Governor has come to play in legislation. In this State, Gov. Hughes openly sought popular support for certain bills, and in New Jersey Gov. Wilson went even further. To this exercise of authority, Illinois has now given official sanction.

Gov. Mann did a service to the cause of law and order throughout the country by his prompt return to Virginia on being apprised of the possibility that his absence might be made use of to procure a commutation of sentence for the two Allens, sentenced to death for the Carroll court-house murders. That sentence has now been put into execution, after a stay given under orders of the Attorney-General of the State pending determination of the question whether the Lieutenant-Governor had a right, in the absence of the Governor, to act upon a petition for commutation. If a case ever existed in which the idea of leniency should be repugnant to the instincts of the sound-minded citizen, it is that of the deliberate murder of a judge in open court, by friends or relatives of a criminal upon whom he had just passed sentence, and who were in court for that very purpose. A community which can tolerate that, or which can regard it as presenting any element calling for the exercise of clemency, is deficient in one of the first requirements of civilized society.

The more official salaries are studied, the clearer does it become that they are not provided to live on, but merely as a mark of appreciation by a grateful but impecunious people. One would hardly suppose, for instance, that the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts was under the necessity of living sumptuously. Yet, according to his own statement, his $2,000 a year scarcely covers what he has to spend for taxicab and car fares. What would our Congressmen have done all these years without mileage? When they reluctantly prohibited themselves from using railway passes, only the courage of necessity enabled them to drive away the wolf by raising their own salaries.

There can be no difference of opinion with reference to that part of the seventh annual report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching which is entitled "Education and Politics." The political difficulties of most State institutions of learning, it is explained, have come, not from any effort to serve a political party, but from a desire to further personal interests. The troubles of the University of Oklahoma on this account have extended over a period of some years, and are not yet ended. It was found necessary to dismiss the entire board of trustees, and more recently the Governor has abruptly got rid of three of the members of the new board whom he believed to have used their offices partly for their own political advantage, partly in order to place personal friends in faculty positions which had been made vacant for them by dismissals of competent professors, and partly for private gain by entering into a dishonest school-book contract. The Oklahoma Senate, however, refused in special session to confirm the new appointments of the Executive, and this forced the latter to name a temporary board to act in important matters until the Legislature

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convened. In this particular case, the struggle will be worth all it costs the State if in the end it impresses the people with the necessity of divorcing education from politics.

One of the best-loved men in New York was honored last week when alumni of Columbia presented John Howard Van Amringe with a likeness of himself in undying bronze, and sang songs in his praise. It is some years since Professor Van Amringe resigned from the post of Dean of the College, and four years ago the University celebrated his semi-centennial as a member of Columbia's teaching staff. But "Van Am" to-day is still the most vivid of traditions in the university on the hill, and his physical presence crowns the festivities of the sportive graduates in reunion. The generations remember him as the man who, in his capacity as inquisitor of unexplained absences from class, tempered mercy with justice. Only by way of rhetorical exaggeration does the alumnus sing:

Oh, I shook in my boots at the things he said
When he asked me to call in the morning.

The skill which "Van Am" as professor of mathematics displayed in searching out the secret of complicated curves was not brought into full play in following the devious course of an undergraduate argument on those occasions when it was

First a cut, then a bar, then an interview
With the Dean in his den in the morning.

That was a charming story about Colombia and Uncle Sam which appeared in some of the morning papers on Saturday. Whether it is true, or even *ben trovato*, we shall not undertake to discuss. But it is safe to say that if it is true it is one of the queerest stories that ever came out of the world of diplomacy. Colombia wants reparation for an injury she asserts was done to her by us in substantially compelling her to part with a valuable portion of her territory, including the Panama Canal Zone. If the story is true, we virtually admit that Colombia is entitled to reparation, but instead of undertaking to make reparation in a straightforward way, we make a series of propositions which have in common only one thing —that they offer no direct compensation in the shape of money or other tangible thing handed over to Colombia by the United States as compensation for an acknowledged injury. One of the proposals does, indeed, carry an offer of money; but the money is offered, not in the form of reparation for the past, but in that of purchase money for a new privilege to be given by Colombia to the United States. And it is to this proposal that the peculiar picturesqueness of the story of Minister Dubois's negotiation attaches.

The proposal is as follows:

Payment of $10,000,000 to Colombia for an option to build an interoceanic canal by the Atrato route and for the rights of establishing coaling stations on the islands of St. Andreas and Providencia.

Now, some people might think that this was simply an offer of $10,000,000 to Colombia. But that is all a mistake. The option is for seventy-five years, and our Mr. Dubois points out to those ignorant Colombians that, "if at the expiration of the option the canal should not have been built, Colombia would have enjoyed the $10,000,000 for seventy-five years, which sum, with the interest added at 5 per cent., would have reached the total of $47,500,000." It is doubtless only politeness that prevents Mr. Dubois from making the computation at compound interest instead of simple interest. Even simple interest cannot be got if you touch the principal; and if you don't touch the principal for seventy-five years, why not pursue the same policy with regard to the interest and let that, too, be productive during the period of the option? In that case the sum "would have reached a total" of about $400,000,000, instead of a mere $47,500,000. And just think what a sum would be in Colombia's grasp if for our $10,000,000 she would sell us an option for, say, 200 years instead of 75! That the economists have unanimously ignored this simple method of increasing the wealth of nations is one of the mysteries of human perversity.

Two arguments were frequently brought forward during the early years of the Asquith Ministry to prove that the speedy collapse of the Liberal Cabinet was inevitable. One of these dealt with the conglomerate nature of the Liberal majority in Parliament, made up as it is of Liberals proper, Laborites, and Irish Nationalists. How long will it be, people asked, before the factions begin to quarrel? They are still asking the question. Mr. Asquith has so far displayed admirable skill in driving his team of three abreast. The second supposed cause of dissolution lay within the Cabinet itself. Its three outstanding members, Asquith, Lloyd George, and Winston Churchill, all men of ambition and force, were bound to find their ambitions conflicting. What Mr. Asquith's feelings towards Mr. Lloyd George are we do not profess to know; but with regard to Mr. Churchill, the Prime Minister's letter to Sir Rufus Isaacs, read before the Marconi Committee, is instructive. "We are having broken weather," writes Asquith from Malta, "and but for Winston there would be nothing in the newspapers." If there is venom in this paternal reference to Winston it is effectively concealed. Actually the three leading men in the Asquith Cabinet are precluded from being rivals by their disparity in years. The Prime Minister is sixty-one. Lloyd George is fifty, Churchill is thirty-nine. The younger men are in a position to await their turn patiently.

Mr. Winston Churchill's suggestion that all the nations which are afflicted by the battleship mania should cease construction for a year, is good sense. Obviously, if these countries were to agree to expend not a single cent on new vessels for a year their relative position would not suffer in the least, and their respective treasuries would profit greatly. What possible excuse is there for not accepting the First Lord of the Admiralty's suggestion? It would be an entering wedge towards disarmament, of vast benefit because it would bring the nations into concert on this question of big-navy building. There is an opportunity for President Wilson, and one that would not conflict with Washington's warning against entangling foreign alliances; for this would be an agreement that could only be of benefit to the world as a whole. It would not require action, but non-action, and it would lift in some degree the heavy burdens of wage-earners in the hardest pressed and most heavily taxed countries. Mr. Churchill's suggestion, by the way, is but one of several proofs that Great Britain is tiring of her fearful naval load.

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J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

The remarkable career in the field of American and international finance, which was closed by Mr. Morgan's death in Rome, will be variously regarded. There has been abundant evidence, these past few years, in the voluminous published reviews of his activities, that critics, appearing equally sincere, were drawing conclusions of a wholly conflicting character regarding the real significance of that personal history. What all agreed upon was the fact that a figure, more masterful than the financial world had perhaps ever seen before, had risen in the domain of American affairs, and had stamped its own individuality on the financial history of the period.

The question how far Mr. Morgan's personality caused or directed the tendencies of the period in large finance, and how far it was itself shaped by the economic tendencies of the day, is not so easy to determine. There are those who believe that the history of American finance in the two past decades could not have been what it was but for Mr. Morgan's presence in the field. There are those who believe that his career could not have been what it was but for the extraordinary financial conditions of the period. History will probably say that the truth lies somewhere between the two conclusions.

The personal domination which Mr. Morgan exercised over other men, in the field of large affairs, has had few parallels; the magnitude of the undertakings in which that masterful leadership played its part has had none. Mr. Morgan's prestige reached its climax when the financial world had begun to think in hundreds of millions; but the power of his personality had been recognized, in Europe as well as in America, long before that time. The economic wisdom of the methods by which the exhaustion of the United States Treasury's gold reserve was stopped in 1895, through the artificial control of the avenues of foreign exchange, has been much disputed; but as to the fact that the achievement would itself have been impossible without Mr. Morgan's determined overruling of the doubts and hesitations of the world's greatest bankers, that is not open to dispute. It is probable that the breathing-space permitted by that unusual operation saved the Government from lapse to the silver standard.

Those who lived through the bewildering days which followed 1893 will probably agree that the mass of wrecked corporations which then blocked the path of American finance would have had a history different from their actual rapid reconstruction but for the dominance of Mr. Morgan in the plans for setting them on their feet again, and the financial community's confidence in his resourcefulness. This powerful individuality came into play again at the crisis of the panic of 1907. The fate of the two great New York trust companies, whose depositors had already drawn out upwards of $50,000,000 in the run, was hanging in the balance; no expedient of relief remained except the guaranteeing of the rest of their depositors by the other trust companies, and the institution on whose concurrence everything depended refused to sign. Probably no one but Mr. Morgan could have broken that panic deadlock, and it was broken by the sheer force of his personal influence over other men.

That such a personality was bound to play a great part in the extraordinary outbreak of promotion, company amalgamation, and financial expansion which marked the beginning of this century, followed as a matter of course. What could not have been so certainly foreseen was the manner in which that great personal influence would be applied. History has produced great financiers who, in an era of public excitement and speculative excesses, devoted all their powers to the work of restraining and controlling the dangerous tendencies of the day. It will always remain a matter of deeply interesting discussion just how events financial would have moved in 1901 and 1902, had Mr. Morgan pursued a policy of that nature.

That he did not pursue such a policy, but elected rather to lead in the memorable campaign of exploitation; that he apparently saw no limit to the possibilities of the new machinery for hundred-million and thousand-million amalgamations—these well-known facts will be the crux of later historical controversy over the great career now ended. It is perhaps still too early to pass judgment finally on that episode. Some questions involved in it, such as the period's utter misconception of the capacity of credit and capital to endure the prodigious strain imposed, have been settled by subsequent events. Others, such as the economic necessity or value of the enormous industrial combinations, are still matters of active controversy, to which only future economic history can give a conclusive answer.

Public discussions of a still more recent day have brought Mr. Morgan's career into the foreground of popular interest and controversy in connection with the so-called "Money Trust" investigation, of which he was avowedly the focus. Every one at all familiar with the past decade in American finance is aware that, at various stages of this controversy, particular episodes in Mr. Morgan's career were treated with gross unfairness, ignorance, and misrepresentation; but that, after all such crudities were allowed for, the animus of the controversy really lay in the public's not at all incorrect impression of the immense individual power possessed by this masterful dictator over American finance.

But who is to say whether even that power was not in the main a result of the personality of the man, which exercised so great a sway over men and institutions of the financial world, long before any Congressional orator had detected a "Money Trust"—at times, indeed, when a favorite complaint, in the banking community of the day, was the absence of "concentration"? Not the least important question of the hour is how the more recent movement in that direction, and the public attitude caused by it, will be affected by the ending of this great career.

MR. MORGAN AS ART PATRON.

An art patron in the sense of his banker predecessors, the Medici, Mr. Morgan never was; yet few wealthy men of any time have been more persistently concerned with accumulating precious objects. The difference lay in his attitude towards the art of his own day. To name the Medici and their business and political associates is to revive the memory of the greatest artists of their age. Mr. Morgan's name will evoke no such memories of our workers in the future. He outlived two artistic revolutions, marked by the success of the Barbizon school and that of the Impressionists, but his taste

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was deeply touched by neither. He employed, to be sure, the best architect in America to build his beautiful private library, but it never occurred to him to summon a mural painter of highest distinction to complete the work. The only portrait painter whom he consistently and enthusiastically employed is an artist of inferior talent. We call attention to these limitations of a great art lover, not to depreciate his taste, but because these facts mean something about both the man and the art of our own times.

It must be admitted immediately that modern art, subdivided into specialties, maintained largely by esoteric cults, an art so little central and public, could not have appealed to so potent, public, and essentially simple a character as was Mr. Morgan's. Such an art must have represented to his consciousness either an evasion of the main business of life, or a disintegration parallel with that which he dreaded in society at large. In short, the Medici art patrons transported to our age would probably have liked our art no better than Mr. Morgan did, while he, in their times, might well have been the friend and employer of a generation of craftsmen. It is the defect of our art, and the loss of our wealthy contemporaries, that its appeal to those who robustly do the world's work is so small. What is remarkable about Mr. Morgan is not the indifference to current art, which he shared with many of his kind, but the enthusiasm with which he turned to the great things of the past.

Nor was this an indiscriminate lust for possession, as might appear when one remembers that he bought, literally wholesale, entire collections of bronzes, porcelains, drawings, prints, decorative objects, and what not. One may trace in his career something more than the dauntless competitor. Always a reading man and a traveller, he began his art collecting precisely where he loved to acquire literary manuscripts—with the early English school of a century or more ago. The fine pictures of this school now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, assume to-day the aspect of a pathetic memorial. As his collecting progressed he passed to the earlier periods, largely as subordinate to the building up of his library. The rarest illuminated manuscripts found a ready purchaser in him. He acquired extraordinary series of the prints of Dürer and Rembrandt. It was not until his private library was built that the extent and worth of these accumulations were realized.

Meanwhile he began the purchase of great collections; these passed into the obscurity of the storage warehouse, or were lent to European exhibitions. In the year 1900 Mr. Morgan bought for the Metropolitan Museum the Garland collection of Chinese porcelains. It had long graced the Museum as a loan. As a trustee Mr. Morgan could not bear to see the Museum suddenly bereft of one of its most beautiful and instructive exhibits. From then on the great purchases, such as that of the Hoentschel collection of decorative art, were made with the Museum in view. When in 1904 he became its president, his personal contributions made it possible at once to recruit an expert staff. This should be remembered both because the reform was sorely needed and because he characteristically showed more respect for expert advice in a corporate enterprise than he did in his personal collecting. This service, with the gift of the Garland and Hoentschel collections, will keep his memory fresh and grateful as long as the Metropolitan Museum stands.

In the later years his interests widened. He became active in excavating and buying the antiquities of Egypt, where he was a frequent visitor. He built a noble museum building at Hartford, Conn., in memory of his father. He became a chief agent in the extension of the work of the American Academy at Rome through the consolidation with the School of Classical Studies. His catalogues, which at first had been perfunctory affairs arranged by his dealers, began to be highly authoritative works. The library on Thirty-sixth Street was generously opened to accredited applicants, and became a resort of scholars. In short, Mr. Morgan was finding his way to real sources of knowledge by the academic route when death overtook him.

Mr. Morgan was a candid man, and it would be to affront his memory to claim for him a connoisseurship to which he never pretended when living. It was his weakness as a collector that he did not readily seek or win the confidence of critics and other amateurs, but depended too much on dealers. He was too impatient and too rich to give himself the luxury of buying shrewdly, and the great prices which he willingly paid did much to produce the present demoralization of the art market. In fact, the amateur must regard Mr. Morgan's artistic career with something of awe and misgiving, not unmixed with pity, feeling the disproportion between his unwearied activities as a collector and the personal solace which he got from his royally abundant possessions. Such refinements of sympathy and appreciation need not trouble the ordinary man. It is enough for him to know that all his long life Mr. Morgan earnestly coveted the best in art, that through his enterprise tens of thousands of beautiful objects have come from Europe to America, and that through his gifts we all have the possibility of an illimitable extension of our æsthetic life. In no other way will Mr. Morgan's insatiable will to possess redound more surely and enduringly to the common good.

SENATE, HOUSE, AND PRESIDENT.

With the election of one Democratic and one Republican Senator from Illinois, ending the long deadlock in that State, the membership of the Senate is now complete. The Illinois result, following upon the recent election of a Democrat from New Hampshire, gives the party a firmer hold on the control of the Senate than had been expected by the most sanguine shortly after the elections last November. Especially in view of the impending death of Senator Rayner—whose successor was to be named by a Republican Governor—it looked, for a time, as though the Democrats might command only an even half of the total membership, and thus be dependent for the passing of important measures upon the casting vote of the Vice-President, except in so far as they might get the help of Progressives outside the party. The actual situation is emphatically different from this. Out of the 96 Senators, 51 are Democrats, a clear party majority of 6. In the regular session, this majority may, after the first few weeks, be expected to be increased to 8, through the election by the Maryland Legislature of a Senator to serve for the remainder of Senator Ray-

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ner's term. Thus the responsibility for accomplishing substantial and desirable results is squarely on the party. As an excuse for failure, it will be impossible to plead that the possession of the Presidency and of an overwhelming majority in the House was rendered nugatory by a hairbreadth hold on the Senate.

In the matter of the tariff, the gain of this additional margin is peculiarly important. It counts for much in moral effect as well as in the direct arithmetical accession of strength. With an extremely narrow margin, the recalcitrancy of one or two men determined to insist on protective demands in the interest of their own constituencies or sections would be difficult to deal with. This difficulty will exist, even as matters stand; but a firm attitude on the part of the party leaders is all that will be required to overcome it. For any tariff bill that has obtained, after full deliberation, the authoritative approval of the President and of the leaders in Congress, it is now clear that, with ordinarily strong and sagacious party management, enough votes can be had to insure its passage in both houses. Those who are going to fight for concessions of a protective nature will have to reckon with this situation from the start, and pitch their note accordingly. There will be a hearing for dissentients, but there can be no coercion by them, unless the men at the helm are weak, or unfaithful, or incompetent. The only danger-point lies in the as yet unknown character of the party leadership in the Senate. And those entrusted with that leadership should be made to understand from the outset that upon their shoulders rests a responsibility of the gravest kind. The party is in no extraordinary situation, but in the normal position of a party in full control of all branches of the Federal Government, and it must give a good account of itself or suffer the penalty of failure.

In grappling with the currency and banking problem, Congress will be confronted with perplexities and difficulties of quite a different nature. With the tariff, it is a question of fulfilling a fairly definite promise, of carrying out a programme concerning whose general lines there is substantial agreement in the party at large—indeed, one may almost say, at the present moment, in the country at large. Not so with banking and currency. Everybody, to be sure, is agreed that something must be done; and, even more than in the case of the tariff, it is felt that reform is not merely needed, but is of critical importance. But the moment the question of method comes up, there emerge not only disagreements, but prejudices and inveterate prepossessions. To decide upon a scheme that will satisfy the requirements which those who understand the problem regard as indispensable to a real solution is but one part of the task before the President and the leaders in Congress; the other part is to make the scheme acceptable to Congress in the face of these long-standing obstacles. The Republicans, in their long tenure of power, have been unable to accomplish anything; but let it not be supposed that this will serve as an excuse for the Democrats. The time is ripe for a conclusion, after all these years of floundering; and President Wilson has had the courage to commit his Administration to the achievement.

The color of the political situation is affected by a development concerning the House, as well as by the completion of the roll of the Senate. The refusal of Representatives Lenroot of Wisconsin, Anderson of Minnesota, and Kent of California, to ally themselves with the new third-party organization in the House, accentuates a tendency plainly visible for some time. These gentlemen are among the most prominent and pronounced of the Progressive Republicans. They not only refuse to go with the Roosevelt Progressives, but explicitly recognize President Wilson as the natural leader in the promotion of the policies which they advocate. "Not until President Wilson shall have shown a willingness to abandon the road in which he is travelling," said Mr. Kent, "shall I consider it my duty to do other than to help him to the utmost of my strength and ability." Precisely what that road is, remains to be defined. The spirit in which he takes up his work was declared in his inaugural address. Nobody doubts his sincerity. When his programme comes to be more clearly defined, disagreements may develop which are now in abeyance. The pressing problems of immediate legislation are putting off that test. But it is safe to say that, for the present, although Mr. Wilson was elected by a plurality vote, the sentiment expressed by Mr. Kent is shared by a great majority of all the people of the United States.

MURDER AND THE LAW.

Exchange of congratulations over the fact that there were "only sixty-four lynchings in the whole country last year" must give a detached observer something of a shock. Yet it is such slow and painful progress away from this form of barbarism that we are driven to acclaim, and even the satisfaction thus extracted is tainted with signs of a tendency to resort to mob law for alleged offences of a trivial nature. Following Gov. Blease's outburst at the Governors' Conference, one negro was hanged for "refusing to give evidence"; another was shot for being "impertinent"; and another met a similar fate for the peculiarly African outrage of "not paying his debts." There have been also an unusually large number of colored men who have been lynched so speedily that their innocence was not established until it was too late for anything but another public crime in the shape of the lawless killing of the "right" man. Nevertheless, there are rifts in the cloud, and some of them are significant.

Booker T. Washington has expressed the belief that there is a growing respect for law and order in the South, and that this improvement is due mainly to the Southern newspapers. Mr. Washington has a pronounced habit of looking on the bright side, but in this matter his judgment is borne out by an examination of the Southern press. He is well within the truth when he says:

> A few years ago the daily press in the South was either silent on the question of lynching, or in a few cases approved it for certain crimes. To-day in the South there is practically no daily paper of any standing that does not openly condemn lynching and all forms of mob violence. They all speak against these crimes more forcibly than has ever been true before, and their utterances are making a better and saner public opinion on this subject.

Typical of such utterances is one from the Chattanooga *News*:

> A Mississippi mob last Friday lynched a negro suspected of murder. The guilty man confessed and was lynched Saturday. Another argument in favor of the recall of Judge Lynch.

And the Mobile *Register*, in commenting on the same case, called it "an atrocious murder." "It is wrong," it con-

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tinued, "to lynch the law. It is the people's law. If the makers of the law do not respect it, how can they expect it to command respect?" When the leaders of public sentiment in a community begin to urge the rule of reason in this way, the institution they are attacking, however deeply grounded in prejudice and passion, is doomed.

Indeed, revolting as the situation with reference to lynching still is, one hesitates to say that it is not more encouraging than our condition regarding murder in general. However bad the record of any city or county may be in this respect, it is not difficult to find a worse one in some other part of the country. "Life is cheap in the United States," remarks the Macon *Telegraph*, "and worse than cheap in the States of the South." It is cheap enough in New York, but the Chicago *Record-Herald* publishes a table to show how much cheaper it is in Chicago. Cook County, with little more than half of the population of New York, had 221 homicides in 1911 against our 198 in 1912. And Atlanta, which numbers 155,000, had 55! For this shameful condition, afflicting the entire nation, certain specific causes are cited. A Maryland grand jury has just reported its conviction that "the demoralization and crime in the county" are in a very large measure due to "the illegal barterings of intoxicants and the gatherings caused thereby." What in the South is picturesquely termed "pistol toting" is held responsible in the North as well for a considerable proportion of the violations of the Sixth Commandment. The law's delays and miscarriages, too, are always coming in for a share of the blame.

But the cause of causes is our attitude towards law. A few weeks ago the Mobile *Register* gave the first column of its front page to a series of interviews with some thirty prominent citizens. What was the inspired word that these men agreed in speaking? Simply this: A law should be either enforced or repealed. The same thing might happen almost anywhere in the land. What is there to say about ourselves so long as we think it news to have our most respectable citizens affirm with emphasis a commonplace of the Old World? Yet we breathe a sigh of relief and admiration when a chief of police delivers himself of a defiance of law-breakers and announces his determination to put into effect whatever he finds on the statute books, regardless of his personal opinion of any particular law. Our admiration may quickly change to disgust at his tactlessness and stupidity when he proceeds to compel obedience to some measure which hits us, but that only makes the boldness of his announcement the more evident. However the psychologists and the ethnologists may explain it, we are prone to pass two new laws rather than enforce an old one. In other words, as a people, we have still something to learn respecting the difference between liberty and license. The discussion now going on in all parts of the country should contribute to this most desirable end.

AROUND ADRIANOPLE.

The law of competition holds for the news columns. If the floods in the Ohio Valley had not monopolized the attention of the country for several days, more space would have been found in the press for the fall of Adrianople amidst circumstances surpassing in dramatic intensity even the last days of Port Arthur. In the near future we shall undoubtedly learn more of the nature of the fighting which resulted in the taking of a mighty fortress as a single redoubt is taken, by the onrush of charging lines of infantry, victors following on the heels of the vanquished and settling the final account, as now appears, within the city itself. Notable for many reasons in the history of military operations, the siege of Adrianople will stand out because of what may be described as the tragedy of the war correspondent. For above five months a garrison of more than fifty thousand men was besieged by an army which at the end must have attained twice that number. Platoons of newspaper correspondents were hovering on the Bulgarian frontier not much more than twenty miles away. Yet we know little of what happened around Adrianople after the first two weeks of the war, and of what occurred within the city we know nothing. At the beginning there were almost daily rumors of plague, mutiny, and starvation in the beleaguered city. Gradually the rumors died of inanition, but the inhabitants of the city held out. Englishmen of Wellington's day actually knew more of what was going on in the trenches around Badajos than we of the wireless age knew of what was happening on the banks of the Maritza.

At the beginning of the war, the Bulgarian General Staff was itself badly informed as to the situation within Adrianople. We have the word of Lieut. Wagner for that. Fighting in the environs of the city began on October 19, and for ten days the Second Bulgarian army under Gen. Ivanoff resorted to assault tactics. Outlying Turkish positions were captured, but at such heavy cost that by October 29 it was decided to blockade the city and starve it out. Adrianople was believed to be insufficiently provided with food, and its surrender was supposed to be a matter of days. Two Bulgarian divisions had been assigned to the task of reducing Adrianople. Later they were reinforced by a third division from the central Bulgarian army and by two Servian divisions, one operating on the northwest front of the fortress, the other to the southeast. That was the situation at the beginning of November. As the Servians completed their own rapid operations in Macedonia, still more troops were diverted to Adrianople. The Servian siege guns admittedly played an important part in the reduction of the city. When the blockade was completed at the end of October, the Balkan allies were extended in an almost perfect circle some thirty-five miles in circumference. The twenty-five redoubts constituting the defences of Adrianople formed an inner circle twenty-five miles in circumference. Full mastery of this inner circle was won by the allies only during the last few days. After that the contest apparently resolved itself into something like open field fighting, until the final charge of the allies brought them inside the city.

Lieut. Wagner had the good fortune to be an eye-witness of the last desperate assault delivered by the Bulgarians before they shifted to a policy of blockade and bombardment. It was an attack on Karagash, on the southwest front of the fortress. We can very well infer what happened around Adrianople during last week's three days of battle from what the correspondent of the *Reichspost* saw and heard at Karagash last October:

> Denser and denser grow the Bulgarian firing lines. Again and again the men

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spring up and dart forward with rushes which the Turkish forces seem too weak to withstand. The enemy's attack seems to have no success and their lines are now rolling back by the burning ruins of Maras. There, as some of the wounded tell me, the corpses were piled up two yards high on each other. The Nizams, the Turkish regulars, stood up even against case-shot. . . . The energy of the Bulgarian advance gradually relaxed; exhaustion made itself felt even among them. Far away one could still hear the booming of guns. Terrible scenes were described by those who were brought wounded from this last phase of the conflict. Men grappled and tried to strangle each other with their hands, and there were orgies of the most horrible bloodthirstiness.

Here, as at Lule Burgas, the Turks gave evidence that the old fighting spirit is not extinct among them. Given food and ammunition, both of which they lacked at Lule Burgas, they could render account of themselves man for man. The factor of strongly superior numbers must not be overlooked in accounting for the victories of the allies.

The fact that the Servian troops seem to have taken almost as active a part as the Bulgarians in the reduction of Adrianople, is not without importance for the continuance of amicable relations among the allies. There are observers on the spot who have predicted a recrudescence of the old Servo-Bulgarian rivalry as soon as peace is signed. On the part of the Bulgarians there would have been a tendency to minimize the rôle played by Servia in the course of the war. The task that was assigned to the Serbs in Macedonia was undoubtedly a lighter one than that which confronted the Bulgarians in Thrace, although at Kumanovo and Monastir the Servians utterly confounded the legend of their military incompetence. But if Kumanovo and Monastir were the beginning, Adrianople was the final proof. After fighting side by side for the conquest of the city, Bulgars and Serbs are less likely to indulge in mutual recriminations.

MAKING A MAN OF SHAKESPEARE.

Close on the heels of Mr. Frank Harris's expressed conviction that the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's sonnets was Mary Fitton, comes a book by Mr. Arthur Acheson, naming the lady as Mistress Davenant, sometime hostess of the Crown Inn at Oxford. Something more seems to be behind these efforts than a thirst for the truth. The authors, like the "Baconians," are resolved by hook or crook to confer a large benefit upon this day and generation. Bacon or the Dark Lady, one or the other of these is the clue by means of which our literary detectives hope to throw light on Shakespeare's obscure personality. Then shall the public have the longed-for chance to caress him, to "investigate" him, and to write his full biography. Messrs. Harris and Acheson say, in effect: "If you will understand the heart of Shakespeare, let us first show you the woman to whom he opened that heart." In their hands one woman can be made to tell much. Be she Mary Fitton or Mistress Davenant, there is scarcely one of the plays whose love-interest she cannot explain. It is she, in the person of Juliet, who proclaims that her love for Shakespeare surpasses all other love, yet who in "All's Well" admits that she is running after his false friend, etc. In the process of these confessions, the figure of Shakespeare is supposed to emerge, considerably more of a man.

It begins to look as though the present age were determined to add the identification of Shakespeare to its other achievements. While the world looks on expectant, Professor Wallace runs through legal documents, not without some finds; Dr. Owen, in the interest of thoroughness, digs for secrets in the slime of the Avon; and, if we may trust to hearsay, the London bookseller, Mr. Bertram Dobell, whose genius for picking literary prizes out of rubbish heaps is established, has now set his heart on recovering personal memoranda of Shakespeare. To what all this may lead who can say? In many minds there is probably the thought that the poet's works will never be properly estimated until he himself comes out into the light. Thanks to over-indulgence by publishers, the present age finds it difficult to appreciate an author without knowing where he spends his winters, what car he uses, etc. If the out-and-out modernist could be sure that nothing in Shakespeare's dramas was based on his actual experience or observation, it would be so easy to discredit them. But so long as the author keeps from view, their attacks are not whole-hearted; they canont forget that perhaps, if the facts were known, he was as firmly rooted in the world about him as they in theirs. Certain overdone classicists are in a similar plight. It is a vexation to them that Shakespeare, despite his formlessness, has had such a magnificent success down the centuries. Now, if only it could be proved that as a youth he used to sit on the banks of the Avon, not fishing, simply dreaming, how readily they could convert the dreams into revery—that first and last infirmity of romantic minds! Then could his lack of form be ascribed to a congenital weakness; then, too, would the explanation of Hamlet's madness soon be forthcoming. Conversely, the romanticist would be quick to see in the act of lolling on a river bank the best preparation for literary greatness.

It is difficult to foresee what would be the total result of a sudden revelation of Shakespeare's life. For a time at least the man would overshadow his works. "Macbeth," "Othello," "King Lear" would possess a new interest. Consider the host of pregnant lines which would require an autobiographical explanation. The extreme to which this method has been carried in Goethe scholarship would be far exceeded. Once let it be shown that a great author has embodied some of his own experience in his writings, and few critics are steady enough to stop short of absurd inferences. On the whole, we prefer the present follies of Shakespearean critics. They are harmless compared to what would happen if an army like them were to be turned upon the man himself. If the plays are at present all things to all people, the life of the man would be so too, with the result that biassed statements would appear to have a real foundation. And it would be years before any body of settled conviction could be reached. This is not intended as an alarm. All the world to nothing, Shakespeare will elude the investigating clan.

All things considered, many would be quite as well pleased to learn no more than the plays reveal of Shakespeare. It is salutary to be confronted by such documents, dropped, as it were, from the sky, and to be asked to say whether they are great, and if so why. Shakespearean criticism is only just getting back some of the big lines which it followed in the days of Johnson and Morgann. In the meanwhile inaccuracies of detail have been corrected by textual study, and the way is now prepared for

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a reasonable appreciation of Shakespeare's large humanity. It would be a pity if criticism should again be distracted. Yet it must be confessed that no one can look on Shakespeare's portrait, at his extraordinary signature, or can read works of his which almost look like personal revelations, without being tremendously piqued. But this way madness lies—at least temporary madness.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28.

The one hundred and twenty-fifth meeting of the Society, at the University of Pennsylvania, March 25, 26, and 27, was well attended and was marked by the large number of communications announced by the members. The growth of interest in the Society and of the scientific activity of its members is such as to make imminent the division into two sections, Semitic and Indo-Iranian.

Of the sixty-one papers announced, only about fifty could actually be presented, and a great many of these in such brief summary as to be hardly satisfactory. The discussion of the papers, on the other hand, was in many cases quite full and proved to be one of the most satisfactory features of the meeting. The first session, on Tuesday afternoon, was devoted to the business of the Society and to the address of the president, Prof. George F. Moore, of Harvard University, on "Babism and Bahaism."

Professor Moore defined Bahaism as "the latest offshoot of the banyan tree of Mohammedan heresies"; but in order to understand this movement, which, curiously enough, is spreading to some extent even in this country as well as in European centres, it is necessary to go back to Babism. This made its appearance in Persia shortly before the middle of the nineteenth century, when a young Persian, Mirza Ali Mohammed, the son of a small tradesman, declared himself to be the Bab, or door of communication between Allah and his worshippers. This latest Bab, or "door," illustrates the continuity of religious beliefs in the Mohammedan world; for scarcely a generation has passed since the mysterious disappearance of the twelfth imam (or religious leader) many centuries ago, without some one coming to the front and claiming to be, first, the door of communication and then the lost leader himself. This doctrine of the reappearance of the Mahdi, as the "leader" (literally "the rightly guided one") was also termed, may, in fact, be traced back still further to what ensued in the Mohammedan world soon after the death of the Prophet. Professor Moore gave an interesting account of the Babist movement in Persia, which early became involved in political entanglements with the Government, and led finally to the imprisonment and death of Ali Mohammed in 1850. One of the adherents of the Bab, Beha Ullah, escaped to Bagdad, which became for a time the centre of the movement. It was from the name of this adherent that we get the designation Bahaism. Beha Ullah also claimed to be a door of communication, but he stopped short at this point and did not go to the length of his predecessor, who announced himself as the incarnation of God Himself. The interrelation between these two doctrines, the reappearance of the lost leader and the incarnation of Allah in some human individual, are the two ideas around which a goodly portion of the history of Mohammedan heresies revolves.

As for the teachings of this heretical sect, Professor Moore characterized them as embodying many lofty and broad humanitarian ideas expressed in formulas that conveyed platitudes rather than profound truths; but mixed with these humanitarian teachings—which emphasize the brotherhood of man, the equality of all before the law, universal peace, the separation of religion from politics, and the education of women—there was a mystic conception of divine government which lost itself in nebulous speculations.

The greater number of papers read were naturally of a highly technical character, dealing either with philological problems or with the interpretations of special points in Vedic and Semitic literatures. Among those of more general interest, mention should in the first place be made of Prof. C. C. Torrey's (Yale University) communication on a possible metrical origin of the Lord's Prayer. Taking the older form of this prayer, as given in the Gospel of Luke, Professor Torrey found that in translating it back into the Aramaic original, in which, as is now generally admitted, Luke was originally written, it could be divided into four lines which turned out to be metrical. In the case of two of these lines, the metre, in fact, was perfectly evident, and for the other two merely slight changes were required in order to make them metrical likewise. The metre was one of seven syllables, a common form in Aramaic compositions which can be traced back to the fourth century B. C. In confirmation of his supposition, Professor Torrey pointed to the wide use of metres in inscriptions on tombs and in prayers couched in Aramaic dialects or in late Hebrew.

Another paper of general interest in a widely different field was presented by Dr. T. Michelson, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, who showed that, as a result of recent expeditions in northeastern Asia, a morphological connection between the languages of some of the peoples and the languages of the North American Indian stock was established, and that this connection was confirmed by physical anthropology. Dr. Michelson expressed the view that the similarity pointed to a migratory movement from the northwestern coast of America over into Asia Minor and not the reverse, and that this movement took place in comparatively recent times. A valuable feature of Dr. Michelson's paper was the demonstration of a fundamental error in many previous attempts to connect the languages of the North American Indians with Aryan or Semitic speech through accidental resemblances in mere words. Lexicographical agreement in the case of sporadic examples proves nothing whatsoever, unless confirmed by agreement in the structure of the languages compared.

Mr. W. S. Kupfer, of New York, gave an entertaining account of Vernacular Folksongs of India and illustrated some of their characteristics, which involuntarily suggest a comparison with our "ragtime" music. He gave interesting specimens of these songs, both those of narrative character as well as tragic and light songs, though to the European ear the distinction between the serious and humorous was scarcely apparent.

One of the social features of the meeting was a lunch offered by the president and board of Dropsie College, on Wednesday noon, the afternoon session being held in the large assembly-room of the College. Before the reading of the papers Dr. Cyrus Adler, president of Dropsie College, made a brief address on the institution. He was followed by Prof. Carl Bezold, professor of Oriental languages in the University of Heidelberg, who was introduced as a distinguished guest and who gave an interesting announcement of a proposed Assyrian dictionary to be prepared on slips, after the manner of the great Egyptian dictionary projected by Professor Ehrmann, which has now grown to such huge dimensions. The Baden Academy of Sciences has become the sponsor for this new undertaking.

On Wednesday the Oriental Club of Philadelphia, a local organization consisting of those in Philadelphia and vicinity interested in Oriental studies and in the history of religions, entertained the members of the American Oriental Society at dinner at the Franklin Inn Club in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the existence of the local club.

The Society adjourned after the session on Thursday morning to meet

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during Easter week in 1914, either in Cambridge or in Boston, Mass.

Prof. Paul Haupt was elected president for the ensuing year.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, March 19.

Selma Lagerløf's new book, "Kørkarlen" ("The Driver"), is quite up to the expectations of her many admirers. Besides a rich imagination, it contains a solid religious element which cannot fail to make a strong impression. The story aims to show how right living and altruistic sympathies produce in those who possess them the only genuine happiness, and concludes with the prayer, "God, let my soul come to be ripened before it has to be cut." The book is to a large extent a glorification of the work of the Salvation Army, whose officers play important parts in the story; but much more it is the message of a fine poetic and imaginative spirit pleading for democratic good-will towards mankind. A collection of poems by David Fallstrøm, "Fontänen sjunger" ("The Fountain Sings"), contains much that is beautiful. Since the death of Frøding, the author may possibly be called the most important lyric poet of Sweden. There are many strings to his lyre, but the most used are of the soft, subdued kind, full of melody and charm. His memorial verses to Bjørnson and Herman Bang catch the essential qualities of these two poets.

Of other Swedish Christmas publications must be noted the third volume of Sven Hedin's "Transhimalaya," which brings to a close the exceedingly interesting account of the famous explorer's adventures in Tibet (Stockholm: Albert Bonnier). From the same publisher has come the third volume of the biographical monograph on Geijer, by Anna Hamilton Geete, "I solnedgången" ("At Sunset"). Tor Hedberg's "Ett decennium," a collection of critical essays on literature, art, and the theatre, is a book which deserves some attention. Among the recent novels are Per Hallstrøm's "Nya noveller" ("New Novels"), Sven Lidman's "Carl Silfverståhl's upplefvelser" ("Carl Silfverståhl's Adventures"), Henning Berger's "Lifvets blommor" ("The Flowers of Life"), and Anna Branting's "Valérie."

In Norway the book which has lately created the greatest sensation is Knut Hamsun's new novel, "Den sidste glæde" ("The Last Joy"). It is easily one of the poet's best works, showing abundantly that his "old age," which he has been somewhat too fond of mentioning (he is little above fifty), has bereft him of none of his vigor, biting irony, or charm. The book is full of sharp, witty satire on many subjects, but as a whole is a vigorous attack on the modern spirit that reigns in Norway at the present time. More than ever Hamsun in his latest work appears as a master of the Norwegian language.

Few authors were more industrious letter-writers than Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. A selection of the letters he wrote in his young days (1857-1870) is now published by Prof. Halvdan Koht, who also furnishes an able introduction and notes. The letters fill two heavy volumes, and are deserving of careful study. They reflect the poet perhaps better than any of his published works, and throw new light on the political and intellectual conditions of his country. Written in his usual vivid and impulsive style, they hold the attention from the very first; they tell in Bjørnson's own words the story of his development during momentous years. Of particular interest are the numerous letters to Ibsen, which witness to the faithful and important support Bjørnson gave to Ibsen during the latter's difficult first steps in his literary career. Other useful and interesting information concerning Bjørnson and other leading figures of his time may be found in the memoirs of the educator and politician, O. Arvesen, "Oplevelser og erindringer" ("Experiences and Recollections"), newly published. Just before Christmas Capt. Amundsen's large work on the conquest of the South Pole was brought to a close. In two heavy volumes, provided with a number of excellent illustrations, it tells a straightforward tale, even the stirring chapter on the attainment of the goal being characterized by great simplicity.

A very promising first-work is the new biography of Dickens by the young scholar, Leonard Sandberg. It is a critical review and valuation of Dickens's works. The book, which was published on the occasion of the centenary, will add to the number of Dickens's friends in Norway, as also will the recently finished successful translation of the "Pickwick Papers" by C. J. Hambro. A Norwegian edition of "David Copperfield" by the same translator is to appear in parts in the course of the present year.

Recent additions to Norwegian fiction include several stories of high rank, among them Thomas Krag's "Frank Hjelm," Hjalmar Christensen's "Brødrene" ("The Brothers"), Sigrid Undset's short stories, "Fattige skjæbner" ("Poor Fortunes"), Regine Normann's "Den gang" ("Then"), and Kristofer Uppdal's "Trolldom i lufta" ("Witchcraft in the Air").

Of Danish books of the season the memorial edition of Herman Bang's works has found a large number of readers. It is edited by Johan Knudsen and Peter Nansen, and forms six large volumes, containing most of Bang's writings—his novels, short stories, plays, poems, and a selection of his critical essays. The work costs 20 kr. (unbound) and is a worthy memorial to the renowned author. A small biography of Bang by P. A. Rosenberg would serve as a useful supplement to this edition. This is a well-written statement of the chief events in Bang's life and a well-balanced estimate of his writings. The price is only 1.50 kr. The novels of Jakob Knudsen are widely read in all the Scandinavian countries. His idealism, force, and earnestness have added steadily to his reputation. His latest book, "Angst" ("Fear"), deals with the childhood and early youth of Martin Luther. It is history handled freely by a poet's imagination; it is a summary of a venerable popular tradition, full of art and life, and at times is rarely beautiful. The book belongs to the few that will survive the season of their publication. Mention should be made of a few other Danish novels, especially Harald Kidde's "Helten" ("The Hero"), Poul Drachmann's "Kraft" ("Power"), an historical novel by Laurids Bruun, "Den signede dag" ("The Blessed Day"), Karen Ewald's "Paa vei til Palæstina" ("On the Way to Palestine"), Franz von Jessen's "Katja" (a story from the Russian), and Sophus Bauditz's "Den gamle kro" ("The Old Inn").

For some years Prof. Karl Larsen has been compiling diaries and letters of Danish emigrants. Of great interest are those which he has included in his recent work, "De der tog hjemmefra" ("Those Who Left Home"). The accounts of the experiences of common men and women in strange countries far from home have a thrilling stamp of reality. Most of the documents date from the latter part of the last century. They are written chiefly by farmers and artisans and give an excellent picture of the various and variable conditions which Danish emigrants meet with. The work has run to two volumes so far, but Professor Larsen has collected about 8,200 diaries and letters, and intends to continue printing the most characteristic. Proof of the interest which this new venture in literature has stirred up may be found in the fact that the society of Norwegians the world over, Nordmandsforbundet, plans shortly to set on foot a similar enterprise, hoping thus to gather trustworthy materials for a history of Norwegian emigration.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Those of our grandfathers who bought books instead of writing them may not have squirmed at the prices Scott demanded for his poems, but they had good reason to complain of his greed in the matter of novels, for beyond question it was Sir Walter Scott who started that terrible incubus of the three-volume novel at thirty-one-and-six—an incubus which rode the British public for some seventy years, and made the fortune of Mudie and others who started

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circulating libraries (although it was these very libraries which finally laid the spectre).

The three-volume novel, to be sure, was no novelty in Scott's day; there were many in four volumes, not a few in five and six—nice little twelvemos that you could easily slip into your coat pocket or travelling bag. (I am not speaking now of saurians like "Clarissa," in eight volumes, though the first edition sold at three shillings a volume). "The Vicar of Wakefield" (1766) appeared in two twelvemo volumes at three shillings each; "Evelina" (1778) was in three volumes at three shillings each, and the sale of 2,300 copies encouraged Miss Burney to expand "Cecilia" (1782) to five volumes, still at three shillings a volume; and the sale of 2,000 copies of that novel in three months led to hoisting the price of "Camilla" (1796), also in five volumes, to one guinea. Even at that price it found 3,500 purchasers in three months.

Between 1803 and the appearance of "Waverley" in 1814, out of some 420 novels of from three to six volumes each, nearly three-fifths were in three volumes at from three to six shillings a volume; a very few brought seven shillings, or a guinea complete. In those years, however, I have come upon just one novel which sold at the rate of ten-and-six a volume, and that was a four-volume translation of "Gil Blas" (1807), at two guineas for the set.

"Waverley" appeared in July, 1814, at a guinea for the three volumes—the very highest market price. Nevertheless, Scott's publishers sold the first thousand copies of this anonymous novel in five weeks, four thousand more that year, and printed a sixth thousand in January, 1815. Only one other three-volume novel in 1814 sold for a guinea—Lady Morgan's "O'Donnell." In 1815, Scott let "Guy Mannering" go at a guinea, but with the "Antiquary" in 1816 he raised the price to twenty-four shillings, although the customary price that year as before was fifteen or eighteen shillings. Four novels in that year's list ("Emma" was one of them) crept up to a guinea, but only one other—Lady Caroline Lamb's "Glenarvon"—was twenty-four shillings.

For a little while Scott was content with eight shillings a volume, though he expanded his "Tales of My Landlord" into four-volume series. In 1820, he raised the three volumes of "Ivanhoe" to thirty shillings. No other novel of that year (even of four or five volumes) sold for thirty shillings; but late in the year Mrs. MacNally, "daughter of the late Rev. R. Edgeworth, of Lissard, Ireland," issued a three-volume novel, "Eccentricity," at the queer price of thirty-one shillings. Scott's other novels in 1820—the "Monastery" and the "Abbot"—fell back to twenty-four shillings, but in 1821, "Kenilworth" rose to 31s. 6d., and is not merely the only one of its year, but the first one I have found. By this time, three-volume novels were often twenty-one or twenty-four shillings, but Scott thereafter stuck to 10s. 6d. a volume, and when in 1823 "Peveril of the Peak" broke the record for four-volume novels by selling for two guineas, the *Monthly Review* starred the price and added this footnote: "We cannot omit to advert to the high price set on these volumes. The encouragement of the public ought not to be thus *fined*." In that year only three novels—one of them Lockhart's "Reginald Dalton"—ventured into the market at thirty-one-and-six, and eighteen-shilling novels were more numerous than guinea ones.

The virus had begun to work, however; in 1830, 18 out of 28 three-volume novels brought thirty-one-and-six; in 1835, 53 out of 64; and in 1840, 51 out of 58. Ainsworth, and Lytton, and G. P. R. James, and Mrs. Trollope and her two industrious sons, and a few score other purveyors of entertainment, made their handsome profits, and the public, with some reluctance, paid the bills.

On June 1, 1829, there began a new edition of the Waverley novels in forty monthly volumes of four hundred pages at five shillings each in cloth, which meant that for the first time—after fifteen years—one could buy "Waverley" for as little as ten shillings. (About this time, too, the poems appeared in neat volumes at only nine shillings each!) In 1842, the Waverley novels finally got within reach of all but the most impecunious, for the owners of the copyrights began three separate editions, one in handsomely illustrated volumes at twenty-eight shillings; another in twenty-five monthly volumes at only four shillings, each volume containing a complete novel or novels; and a People's Edition in weekly numbers or monthly parts, the parts at nine pence, the complete novels at two shillings each. In 1868, George Eliot's publishers began a cheap edition of her novels at three-and-six, but we find her complaining in her letters that this edition did not sell very well, although the high-priced ones had sold amazingly.

There were, of course, many other cheap series, such as the Parlour Library, the Shilling Library (composed largely of foreign fiction), and the Travellers' Library; but they were all alike in being invariably reprints. In the fifty years after Kenilworth I have come upon just one publisher, prominent enough to command the assistance of reputable authors, who made any attempt to issue new novels at a reasonable price. On January 1, 1833, Smith & Elder began a Library of Original Romance, composed of "Original Works of Fiction by Writers of the First Class, at six shillings each, and each contained in one volume equal to two of the usual size." The first year's output, however, consisted of only nine novels by Banim, Leitch Ritchie, Andrew Picken, Galt, Mrs. O'Neill, James Baillie Fraser, and one or two others even less known to readers of to-day. That was a lean year for English fiction; "Writers of the First Class" were perhaps reluctant to market their books at "cut prices"; —at any rate, Messrs. Smith & Elder gradually dropped the "original" part of their scheme, and continued to publish notable fiction at the usual figure. "Jane Eyre," for example, a first novel by an unknown author, appeared in the customary three volumes at thirty-one-and-six; Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton," however, another first novel, came out timidly in two volumes at eighteen shillings; so did "Hypatia," but "Westward Ho!" more certain of its audience, was in three volumes at the conventional price.

Finally—at least, I have not come upon instances in the meantime—on November 11, 1871, the *Saturday Review* was moved to remark upon the three-volume novel as follows:

> Many monstrous anomalies flourish without remark until chance consigns them to the rubbish room of history; then, for the first time, they turn to useful purpose by satisfying future generations as to the creditable advances men make on the intelligence of their fathers. Surely the day must come, and come speedily, when the present standard price of novels will strike common sense from the ludicrous point of view. If our children ridicule us for having tolerated a guinea and a half as the regulation price inevitably ticketed on each newborn work of fiction, who shall blame them? . . . . By exploding the tradition that makes three volumes an inexorable conventionality, we should relieve many a wretched author from the bed of Procrustes that cramps him and tortures us. . . .

The protest makes rather too much of the Procrustean effects of the three-volume novel (to-day we sometimes hear readers regret that we have lost the leisurely spaciousness of the old form!), for even Anthony Trollope did not try to make his novels of uniform length; but otherwise it is sensible and concrete in its suggestions. A fortnight later the *Times* took up the question and declared that "the three-volume system has become an abomination and a curse." Nevertheless, only one publisher seems to have made any attempt to cure the evil. This man was Samuel Tinsley, who shortly thereafter began a new series of original novels at four shillings, a series which he advertised industriously, but —he continued to publish the regular three-volume novel at the old price, and before a year was out seems quietly to have dropped the four-shilling series.

Another source of dissatisfaction with the price of fiction was that as a rule it was out of proportion to the prices of other books, especially poetry. An exception was the holiday trade; for many decades Christmas books of all sorts were a guinea, whether the book in question was a brand new Christmas story by Dickens or Thackeray, by G. P. R. James, or Wilkie Collins, or a "Book of Beauty" edited by the Countess of Blessington and lavishly illustrated. There were, of course, a few shameless attempts to capitalize public interest. In 1813-14, some London publisher brought out a four-volume edition of Mme. de Staël's "Germany" at two guineas—but the book had been suppressed in Paris, and at that particular time England was interested in anything of which Bonaparte did not approve. In January, 1828, Leigh Hunt's "Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries" was issued in one volume at three guineas, and in January, 1830, the first volume of Moore's "Life of Byron" at two guineas. There were, too, a few instances in which books priced to bring fair returns on moderate sales sold rapidly in spite of price. One of these was Dean Stanley's "Life of Arnold" (1844), in two volumes, at twenty-four shillings, of which four editions sold in five months. Another was the first volume of Forster's "Life of Dickens" (1871), at twelve shillings, which appeared on December 4, and of which the publishers sold nine editions that month! Still another was Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ" (1874), in two volumes, at twenty-four shillings, which appeared on May 14, and was in its eleventh edition before the end of the year. The "Origin of Species" was fourteen shillings; Forster's "Oliver Goldsmith," Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles," and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" were a guinea each; and

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Macaulay's "History of England" was sixteen shillings a volume. But the instances just cited were exceptional.

As a result of the pressure new novels began to appear at six shillings, and a good many, like Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South" (1855), in the compromise form of two volumes at a guinea, and at last, after some years of waning popularity, the three-volume guinea-and-a-half novel came to a rather sudden end. This was hastened by the determination of the circulating libraries not to pay at so high a rate for the three-volume novels as for the others. A scrutiny of the book-lists of the *Athenæum* will show how rapidly the end came. In 1891, 1892, 1893, and the first six months of 1894, the *Athenæum* listed 864 novels at six shillings or more; of these two-fifths were ten-and-six a volume (almost one-third of these were in two volumes at a guinea), and a little more than half were in one volume at six shillings. In the second half of 1894, there were only twelve in three volumes at thirty-one-and-six, eleven in two volumes at a guinea, and 128 (more than three-fourths) in one volume at six shillings. (In this half-year came the last three-volume novel to have a notable sale—"Trilby," published about September 20. I do not know the size of the editions, but the seventh was ready on December 8, and was followed in June, 1895, by the "eighth and cheaper edition" at six shillings.) In the first six months of 1895, nearly nine-tenths of the novels were in one volume at six shillings, and not one at ten-and-six a volume. In the second half of 1895 there was just one at thirty-one-and-six, Miss Braddon's "Sons of Fire"—the latest one I have found.

EDWARD PAYSON MORTON.

Correspondence

"OBSESSIONS OF THE SPECIALIST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If the writer of the editorial article in your issue of March 20, "Obsessions of the Specialist," had taken the trouble to read, I will not say Dr. Davenport's book, but the single paragraph of it from which he garbles his quotation, he should have seen that Dr. Davenport, whatever he may think, certainly did not express the opinion for which your writer takes him to task. Dr. Davenport is writing of biologic progress, not of social or economic advance; and so far is he from uttering any opinion that can be called "reckless" that he is probably well within the general opinion of the scientific world. Most zoölogists, at least, would probably agree that in America and in Western Europe "human progress," in Dr. Davenport's sense, has already stopped.

My protest, however, is against a slightly different aspect of the article in question. Dr. Davenport may be right, or he may not be. But, right or wrong, he is the one man in America, and one of the two or three in the world, who knows the evidence in the matter. Yet your writer wantonly goes out of his way to hold him up to scorn, lumps him in with "sociologists" and "uplifters," merely because he himself does not happen to agree with an opinion concerning which he can hardly have any first-hand information whatever.

Understand, I am not defending Dr. Davenport's opinion—I mean the opinion that he actually did express. I merely point out that he is an able and learned man, holding a high place in the scientific world, who is speaking on a topic to which he has devoted virtually his entire professional life.

When the *Nation* does this sort of thing, is it any wonder that the public is all at sea, not knowing whom to trust?

E. T. BREWSTER.

Andover, March 22.

[Whether our quotation was garbled or not, the reader may judge for himself. What we said was this:

In the opening paragraph of his [Dr. Davenport's] book on "Heredity in Relation to Eugenics," after stating that the laws of improvement of racehorses hold for man, he declares: "Unless people accept this simple truth, and let it influence marriage selection, human progress will cease."

The whole paragraph in the book is as follows:

Eugenics is the science of the improvement of the human race by better breeding, or, as the late Sir Francis Galton expressed it: "The science which deals with all influences that improve the inborn qualities of a race." The eugenical standpoint is that of the agriculturalist who, while recognizing the value of culture, believes that permanent advance is to be made only by securing the best "blood." Man is an organism—an animal; and the laws of improvement of corn and of racehorses hold true for him also. Unless people accept this simple truth and let it influence marriage selection, human progress will cease.

What Dr. Davenport may have meant by the phrase "human progress," we cannot say. But there is no general agreement, either among men of science or in the world at large, that human progress in the sense of "biologic progress" is now going on, or has taken place, in general, in historic times. Our correspondent himself says that, in the opinion of zoölogists, such progress, in America and in Western Europe, "has already stopped." It is not of a thing that has already stopped, or that many think has not been taking place for ages, but of a thing which, by common consent, is regarded as going on, that one must be understood to speak when he utters a solemn warning that it "will cease" unless we take certain steps. The fact that the book is devoted to the examination of heredity from a biological standpoint has absolutely nothing to do with the case. The opening paragraph is not a summary of the contents of the book, but a declaration of the importance to human beings of the matter with which it is engaged. For that importance, almost every reader must understand the claim to be made that upon the adoption of eugenics as a guide to marriage depends the continuance of human progress, in the sense in which those words, used thousands of times every day, are understood by all mankind.

We would not detract an iota from the merits of Dr. Davenport's work in the field of biological research. If, by using him as an illustration, we have associated him with "sociologists" and "uplifters," it is because, when dealing with the actual problems of human life, he has sinned in precisely the way that is characteristic of irresponsible "sociologists" and "uplifters." It is not as a man of science, but simply as a man like another, that he speaks when he takes up such a question as the relation between the low birth-rate among good stocks and the cost of supporting the imbecile and insane. And we have seldom, even in the literature of the "uplifters," come across a statement more reckless, or wider of the mark, than his assertions on this subject. The more admirable his scientific work, the more his obsession in this matter gives point to our moral.—ED. NATION.]

GETTING READY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I once found it desirable to track a manuscript catalogued years before in the library of Sir Walter at Abbotsford. The usual repositories of such treasure did not have it; ingenuity was taxed to find it. Unsuccessful, I set to work upon other accessible and therefore less fascinating material.

One gloomy afternoon in the basement of the Advocates' Library, perfunctorily noting this spelling and that handwriting, I was easily disengaged by the entrance of a venerable gentleman in a rusty silk hat and a most negligently worn overcoat. I was at the end of the only table available for scribes, and I am still conscious of my keen expectation as he came to the other end of the table, got out of his overcoat, and carefully entrusted his hat to wide safety in the middle of the table. At the keeper's desk he got a large flat parcel wrapped in newspaper. He gravely seated himself in benevolent disinterestedness and opened the parcel, the wrappings of which stood up and cut off my view. The old gentleman soon fell to writing, and I went on with my task. A wee bit of luncheon broke the short Scotch day, and with the closing of the library the paper parcel was returned to the keeper.

For a fortnight the old gentleman worked within the exclusive limits of his newspaper parcel, the wrappings of which—it was a copy of the *Scotsman*—never once unbent to disclose the nature of the text within. Naturally, I guessed and surmised. It might be a collection of Jacobite memoirs, the letters of Cecil to James, or the Gowrie documents. It was no affair of mine, and I would do well to cloak my Yankee curiosity and attend to the matter in hand.

Yet it was not easy to do this. The library was a solitary place. The old gentleman's immobility and the squeak of his

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quill pen gave me the fidgets. Long dark passages led away from the only open door showing cases stocked with brown volumes and dull red behind stout wire screens. A bust of Scott I knew was in the corner to the right; it was natural to wonder who had made the bust, and in going over to it I could not help seeing what the old gentleman had in his parcel.

It was a manuscript as yellow with age as any manuscript should be. It had good black writing in it, showing that it was no upstart after the invention of printing—and bad handwriting. That was as much as a glance of the eye could gather, but quite enough for me to resolve to outstay the old gentleman that evening and find out what the manuscript was.

At half-past three it was too dark to write, the parcel was in the keeper's desk, and I was alone. As I handed him my books, I seemed to detect, after a month's formal pleasantries, a "speiring" of kindliness in the keeper's face. Acting upon it, I asked what book the old gentleman was copying. "It's fifteenth century—several things in it." "Scotch?" "I think so. Really, I haven't examined it."

He then allowed me to open the parcel. It was the manuscript I had hunted in vain!

The rare moments granted me for examination and transcript in the days following are in no sense related to the importance or unimportance of the substance of that manuscript. I made some use of it—what use I have even now forgotten. Yet the finding thus accidentally of what I had not discovered after methodical search I shall never forget. The incident was actually more treasurable than the work for which it was a mere detail of preparation.

Lameness of diction prompts me to call getting ready for a piece of work more fun than the completion of that work. In getting ready we are responsible to no one; the public and judges are unaware. Committing entries in archives to type is commonplace compared with finding those entries. Planning a new house is more diverting than owning it. The process of finishing a picture is painful, whereas the studies and composition of it are alive with novelty. One feels that the best of Turner is essentially unfinished; he has preserved the marks of getting ready for a great picture. The eye single to final results may be very blind; the sketch may be greater than the picture. Certainly, a fondness for preparation may protect a man from achieving results neither desirable nor necessary. And something may still be said for a view of life which regards it as a means of preparation, of getting ready, rather than as an accomplishment.

W. P. Reeves.

Gambier, O., March 26.

RECENT FUR SEAL LEGISLATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Among the commendable acts of the Sixty-second Congress, just closed, was the prompt ratification of the treaty of July 7, 1911, in which Great Britain, Japan, and Russia joined with the United States in suspending for fifteen years the pelagic hunting of fur seals, the destructive agency which, through the slaughter of gravid and nursing females, has brought the herd in thirty years down from 2,500,000 animals to 215,000.

It became the duty of the Sixty-second Congress in due time to enact a law giving effect to this treaty. This was accomplished by the Sulzer bill, approved August 24, 1912. To this bill was attached an amendment suspending land sealing also. The House provision was for one year only; that of the Senate, for ten years. The conference determined the period finally at five years. The movement resulting in this amendment originally suggested a period of fifteen years, the full period of the treaty.

The treaty did not interfere with land sealing, because for the past sixteen years pelagic sealing has been looked upon as the sole cause of the herd's decline and threatened destruction. As land sealing is confined to the superfluous males (the fur seal is polygamous), it is attended with no damage to the herd. Furthermore, the suspension of pelagic sealing provided for in the treaty was directly contingent upon the continuance of land sealing, as the United States and Russia agreed to share their land catches of seals with Great Britain and Japan, whose citizens gave up the pelagic industry. The suspension of land sealing is, therefore, a violation of our treaty obligations. The action has immediately bred dissatisfaction. Abrogation of the treaty would mean the resumption of pelagic sealing and the ultimate destruction of the herd.

While the possible breaking of the treaty is the most serious objection to the amendment, it is not the only one. It involves the waste of a minimum of $2,500,000 worth of sealskins in the next fifteen years, and the animals bearing these skins will grow up as fighting, useless bulls to be a menace to the mother seals and their helpless young. Furthermore, an important race of fur-bearing animals, the blue foxes, which, through a century of habit, are dependent upon the killing fields for their winter food, is left to starve or destroy itself, the strong eating the weak.

In keeping with this amendment is the final act of the Sixty-second Congress touching the seals. Having suspended land sealing, it held that the force of Government agents, which has been maintained ever since we acquired the islands from Russia, in 1867, was unnecessary, and the item for their salaries was cut out of the appropriation bills, a single caretaker being left for each island. This act would save $25,000 a year for five years, a definite, if modest, offset to the $2,500,000 loss which the suspension involves. The indefensible nature of this act is apparent when we reflect that there are 300 dependent natives on the islands to be controlled, fed, and clothed as wards of the Government. The blue fox herd and the recently installed reindeer herd must be cared for. Foodskins to the value of $80,000 to $150,000 must be cured and shipped, and the whole expensive sealing equipment, now the property of the Government, must have intelligent attention. In the judgment of the Sixty-second Congress all this life and property, at the most critical period in the history of the fur seal industry, should be virtually abandoned to its own devices for five years.

Fortunately, the particular appropriation bill to which this item belongs failed of passage, and the Sixty-third Congress will have an opportunity to right this last mistake. It will do well, also, with as little delay as possible, to repeal the Hitchcock amendment to the law of August 24, suspending land sealing.

George Archibald Clark.

Stanford University, March 7.

SENATOR HOLLIS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial of March 20 in praise of the newly elected Senator from New Hampshire, you fail to mention the fact that one of his best-remembered campaigns was in support of Mr. Bryan's scheme for free silver. Mr. Hollis lauded this, not merely as economically sound, but as in every way desirable as a national policy. Why overlook this argument for the prospective usefulness of Mr. Hollis as a loyal supporter of the chief of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet? A. T. Dudley.

Exeter, N. H., March 21.

THE OLD DOG.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In "As You Like It," I, i, occur these words, which, I believe, have not been annotated:

> Oliver: Get you with him, you old dog.
> Adam: Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.

The sense of the passage is perfectly obvious, but the allusion to the fable of "The Old Dog and His Thankless Master" has been passed over. The gist of the fable is this: An old dog, which in his prime has been held in high esteem by his master for his valuable services, now that his teeth are well-nigh gone and his spirit abated, lets the hare slip from his mouth in the hunt and escape. The master, enraged, falls upon the dog and abuses him; whereupon the dog laments and begs his master to remember past benefits.

The fable was certainly known to Shakespeare in some form. It occurs in the "Romulus" (II, 7, "Venator et Canis"), and in virtually every fable collection current in his day. Relative to the use of fables in schools, which fixed a knowledge of them in the mind of every lad, I hope to have something later to add to the material already available. It is sufficient here to emphasize the fact that fable lore was taken in by the Elizabethan youth with his milk, that fable and emblem books often assisted by grotesque illustration left vivid images in his mind, and that fables were translated by him from Latin into English and from English into Latin at a time when he was learning to use his own language. It is no wonder that the figurative language of the Elizabethans shows such a dependence upon this common lore.

M. Ellwood Smith.

Syracuse University, March 27.

"THE TWA DOGS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the Cambridge edition of Burns's poems the origin of "The Twa Dogs" is assigned to the fact that some unknown person killed the poet's favorite dog Luath; that thereupon he first thought of writing some "Stanzas to the Memory of a Quadruped Friend," but abandoned this project

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for the tale as it now stands. On February 17, 1786, he wrote to his friend, John Richmond, that he had completed his "poem on the dogs." A translation of Cervantes's "A Dialogue between Scipio and Berganza, two Dogs belonging to the City of Toledo, giving an Account of their Lives and Adventures, with their Reflections on the Lives, Humours, and Employments of the Masters they lived with," appeared in the year 1767. The *Monthly Review*, for May, 1767, has not a very high opinion of these dialogues, "notwithstanding they are here and there distinguished by strokes of humour. . . . Scipio and Berganza are critics, moralists, and philosophers, and make many keen remarks on the lives and manners of men." It would be a curious fact to find Burns deriving his idea for "The Twa Dogs" from the great Spanish master of satire. I do not remember to have seen this possible origin suggested by any commentators upon Burns.

J. R. CRAWFORD.

Yale University, March 28.

Literature

FRENCH IDEALISM.

Cardinal Manning; The Decay of Idealism in France; The Institute of France. By J. E. C. Bodley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.

In this *arriviste* age, when professors and publicists are prone to put into print hasty lectures which a fortnight after being reported in the papers as news are advertised in the publishers' circulars as literature, it is singularly refreshing to come across such well-considered and gracefully expressed thoughts as Mr Bodley's. He believes that it is better to travel comfortably than to arrive; that the swiftly flowing pen produces prose swift to perish. When he crossed the Channel twenty-three years ago to begin work on his life-task, on "France," he was privileged to taste the flavor of conversation in Madame Taine's salon. He also became intimately acquainted with many men of the older, more idealistic generation in France, whose disappearance he recalls with reminiscent regret. He naturally cherishes the belief that proficiency in the "bien écouter, et bien répondre," which La Rochefoucauld regarded as the perfection of conversation, is one of the first of the fine arts. These three essays give evidence of Mr. Bodley's belief put into practice.

The sympathetic sketch of Cardinal Manning owes its existence to the fact that many years ago, when a Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor was appointed, Mr. Bodley was its secretary and Cardinal Manning its moving spirit. "As the leading members of the Commission were too eminent to have time for drafting the report themselves," the task fell to the youthful secretary, assisted by the kindly advice of the aged bishop. Out of this common work for humanity grew a life-long intimacy. "Whenever you are in London and not dining out, come to me for a talk at half-past eight," Manning used to say.

So many a night saw me at Archbishop's house, where we talked till nearly eleven, when Newman would arrive to put me out. Newman, it should be explained, was Manning's butler. The malicious said he had been chosen for this name of his because Manning liked to order about a person called Newman—but that was pure legend. . . . The only object of piety discernible in the dim lamp-light was a fine malachite crucifix on the mantelpiece, which was given to him in Rome soon after his conversion and had always stood near him for twenty-seven years—so said his executor, Dr. Butler, who sent it to me when the Cardinal died. Facing it Manning used to sit, in a low armchair. With his faded red skull-cap cocked over his eyebrow he looked like an old warrior of the days of his boyhood, when men of war were often as clean shaven as priests. The best nights were those when he fought his old battles again. . . . Of the loneliness of his last years there is no doubt, in spite of the devotion of the kind priests of his household, and in spite of the numerous callers of all types, whom he received perhaps too accessibly.

Most interesting, perhaps, being from one who is a Protestant and at the same time an intimate friend, are Mr. Bodley's statements concerning the relations of Manning and Newman. He cannot justly understand "why Manning's hostility to Newman should be imputed a sin, while Newman's hostility to Manning is held to be a virtue." Manning, who had helped impose the dogma of Papal Infallibility upon the Vatican Council, held to the opinion that Newman was not in doctrine a "good Catholic." Mr. Bodley recalls that this opinion was also shared by another eminent Catholic, Lord Acton, and finds a confirmation of its justness in the fact that in recent days the Modernists have claimed Newman as their predecessor and supported their contentions with many a passage from his writings. Manning had hoped that Mr. Bodley might be his biographer; the charm and knowledge with which this sketch is written makes us keenly regret that Mr. Bodley's other literary work and ill-health made the realization of this hope impossible.

In the second essay, on "The Decay of Idealism in France," Mr. Bodley analyzes the "practical" idealism which was such a political force in France from Rousseau to the Franco-Prussian War. Rousseau's idealism, combined with the tradition-destroying acid of the philosophers, became the dynamic force which made the French Revolution. The optimism of the revolutionists, who believed that they were inaugurating a new era in human history, and the idea of "La Patrie en Danger," carried the Revolution over the European Continent, and assisted Bonaparte into the saddle. But Napoleon had no liking for idealists; one of his first tasks was to remove from the Institute and the Government all the idealogues whose views on liberty did not accord with his own. After the fall of Napoleon philosophers and statesmen who idealized the British Constitution were allowed to form for France a constitutional monarchy. Under Louis Philippe, in contrast to the crass materialism of the money-making *bourgeoisie*, Michelet was turning the history of France into a symbolical poem; Fourier and St. Simon were developing idealistic schemes of Utopian socialism; the "Napoleonic Idea" was seizing the popular imagination; and, finally, Lamartine's "Girondins," glorifying the idea of the great Revolution, appeared in 1847. Almost instantly the unpopular July Monarchy was swept out of existence by the combined force of a host of "practical" idealists. Napoleon III himself was an idealist, but each of his ill-calculated attempts to promote the idea of nationality returned like a boomerang upon his own unfortunate head. As the Second Empire grew unpopular, the ideal of a republic seemed again to have a magic power, "capable of elevating the moral sense and of healing all the ills of humanity." M. Lavisse has related how, in the days before 1870, youthful republican idealists used to import from Belgium contraband copies of "Les Châtiments" enclosed in plaster busts of Napoleon III, whose head they broke to the accompaniment of Victor Hugo's stanzas.

With the disaster of the Franco-Prussian War and the establishment of the Third Republic begins, thinks Mr. Bodley, the decay of idealism in France. He reads, for instance, the long debates in the Chamber of Deputies upon the Separation of Church and State, and finds nothing but sordid financial arguments—no great phrases which sum up a political idea, and no appeal to ideals. When Zola's remains were being transferred to the Panthéon, an anti-Semite fired a shot at Dreyfus, who was present. When tried at the Assizes of the Seine, the defendant declared that he had no hatred for Dreyfus, and had not even aimed at him. "My gesture was symbolic," he cried, "and I fired the shot at an idea." Whereupon the Parisian jury, in Mr. Bodley's words, "always prone to excessive mercy when judging attacks upon human life where any element of sentiment has provoked the crime, acquitted this singular symbolist as a farewell salute to the disappearing idealism of France."

For this decay Mr. Bodley finds many causes. The humiliating national defeat in 1870 naturally caused a widespread pessimism, and pessimism is incompatible with idealism. The Third Republic itself was another cause. The republican idealists who had lived in hope under the Second Empire soon found to their sorrow that in a repub-

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lic governed by republicans the millennium did not come after all; they were disillusioned, because they had optimistically dreamed of having a government which has never existed outside the realm of fancy. For the first time since the idealists of the eighteenth century began to weaken ancient tradition and undermine the ancient monarchy, their successors had no plausible substitute to propose for the existing régime. As evidences, and in part as causes also, of the decay of idealism, Mr. Bodley further cites the disappearance of good conversation, of salons like Mme. Taine's, and of the provincial bookshop which offered a local centre for the fostering of traditions and ideals. Greater than all these causes, however, is the effect of the mechanical inventions of the past half-century.

While conceding that there is much truth in many of the author's observations, his sensibility seems to us to have been unduly distressed by the more superficial and obvious effects of the mechanical age upon the gilded youth who appear to him to be obliterating the distinctiveness of nations, so that "no joys of surprise will await the traveller of the future." But the gilded youth, though so very much in evidence, are, after all, an infinitesimal part of the great mass of the nation. Much more important would be a consideration of the effects of the mechanical age upon the thought and idealism (if any be possible) of swarms of operatives in densely crowded factories, of herds of clerks moved swiftly by subway and suburban trains into a vortex every morning and vomited forth by the same mechanical means every evening, or of peasants sitting on the harvester instead of sweating with the scythe. That France is so barren of idealism to-day as the author seems to suggest, we cannot admit.

In the third essay Mr. Bodley sketches the history, and explains the interesting characteristics, of the rich corporation which, aside from the Théâtre Français, is the only institution which succeeds in preserving the great literary traditions of pre-revolutionary France. With appropriate phrases, like those bestowed upon the recipients of honorary degrees in this country, and with pleasant and complacent reminiscence, he passes in review the *académiciens* of the past.

CURRENT FICTION.

One Woman's Life. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Why is it that Mr. Herrick, who is so earnest, who studies the human scene so gravely, and puts so much sincere effort into his interpretation of it, never quite does a big thing? His later novels have shown decided technical improvement. He no longer dissipates the reader's attention by the juxtaposition of little-related groups of human characters, the multiplication upon his canvas of figures lacking not in reality, but in relevance. In "One Woman's Life," as in "The Healer," a straightforward story is told. Milly Ridge makes her entrance in the opening sentence, and there is not a page of the volume upon which her name does not appear. From beginning to end the attention of the reader is focused upon her single figure.

It cannot be said that she does not deserve attention. She deserves it for her importance as a type, if for nothing else. To be sure, she has been often portrayed before—by Mr. Herrick himself among others. She is the American girl who seems to have been born with a passion for getting in with "the best people" and for doing "the proper thing." To the satisfaction of that passion she is ready to sacrifice everything else. Because it enables her to satisfy it, her bodily beauty becomes an object of worship to her, and dress a part of the ritual. Beyond this is an instinct for feline comfort, for the softest places, moral and intellectual. A husband is an accessory, children an impertinence: the only thing worth real effort is the game of "society," the pursuit of persons and places that are acknowledged to be really "nice."

The Sister Carrie of Mr. Dreiser embodied this type in more rudimentary form. Of as respectable origin as Milly Ridge, she lacked that young female's extraordinary instinct for social nicety and social advancement. Success and happiness were represented to her fancy by luxury rather than by the entry into any circle. But her moral helplessness in the face of her desire, such as it was, was on Milly's plane. That she happened to "fall," while Milly did not, was due to circumstance rather than principle; and she is by far the more human and lovable of the two. The truth is, Mr. Herrick so scorns his worldly type of woman, is so obsessed by the scorn of her, that he cannot conceal his impatience, and permits himself to become a satirist instead of an interpreter. It is she who, with her petty exactions, her worship of convention, causes "the Healer" to prostitute his gift. It is she who under a dozen names dominates the entire group of novels thus far put forth by Mr. Herrick. And in this novelist's treatment of her there is always something a little enervated, a little plaintive. Here she is, he seems to say. There is nothing to plead for her—or to do about her. She is Woman.

It is this quality of plaintiveness, of languor, we think, which marks the limitation of Mr. Herrick's work. There is no robust and hearty philosophy of life behind it. No sweet waters of faith and courage flow beneath it. It is the work of a man disheartened, distrait, with an eye to see with almost painful clearness many of the phenomena of life, but never quite to see life whole. Aspiration is here, but not for fulfilment. Milly has her faint dreams of a worthy happiness, a perfect love, but "the real, right thing" of her vision is not for her. Getting on in life is, after all, a practical matter. Beauty and charm are the tools she has to work with. She lacks the control necessary to her chosen task. She is betrothed to a very rich man whom she despises; but she throws him over in a fit of temper at his petty frugalities, not from shame of the sordid bargain. Her marriage with a poor young artist is surrounded with a mist of emotion—through which she secretly sees him rich and famous; and when his sincere work proves unprofitable, she encourages him to kill himself with pot-boiling, body and soul, so that she may have "what everybody has." Certain purifying fires she does go through thereafter, and we leave her at the moment of a second and very different marriage with some dim hope of her future. But it remains dim: her creator sees to that. For it is with something very like a sneer that he seems to pen his final comment: "Milly was settled at last, and, let us assume, 'lived happily ever after.'" That, of course, is precisely what Mr. Herrick does not wish anybody, ever, to assume.

My Little Sister. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Issued under a different title in England, and published in condensed form in a popular American magazine, this story has roused a good deal of comment. The theme is an ancient one: the luring of an innocent girl into a house of shame from which only death releases her. The effectiveness of its treatment here depends largely on the sharp and studied contrast between the carefully sheltered youth and beauty of the victim, and her sudden and brutal sacrifice to the casual needs of a male world. Two sisters are brought up in the country by their widowed mother. She is a beautiful woman, and has once passed through a moment of dreadful fear which has left her without trust in any man. The sisters reach the verge of womanhood in safety under an eye of almost anguished watchfulness. But only one hour of mischance is needed, and for this the treachery of a servant paves the way. Journeying alone to London, they are met by a woman made up to represent the aunt they are to visit, whom they know only by their photograph. What follows is described with an effect of realism sufficient for the author's purpose, which is to distress and harrow the reader. The barred and guarded house in which the girls find themselves entrapped is "one of the most infamous resorts in Europe."

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Their captor is a "gray hawk" with yellow eyes, who regards them merely as so much food for the evil beasts who are her patrons. A beast relents, and helps one of the sisters to escape. But she has failed to notice where the house is, and the other sister is never seen again.

Such are the facts of the story. They are undoubtedly related to facts which are actual or potential in the life of any great city. Probably we all have a more or less vague sense of personal acquaintance with incidents of the sort—recall hearing some one say that he knew So-and-So, whose sister, etc. And it is probably true that in most of us these stories, appalling as they are, inspire a mild and disinterested sort of horror. Such a thing, we feel, is never likely to happen to our sisters. We file it away, placidly enough, among the unspeakable outrages against the possibility of which civilization has no absolute safeguard. Mrs. Robins does not wish us to file it away. She wishes us to brand it upon our foreheads as a disgrace no longer to be concealed or borne with equanimity. To gain our attention she uses a voice shrill and emotional to the point of hysteria. She does distress and harrow her readers—if that is worth while.

American Nobility. By Pierre de Coulevain. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A study of the problems involved in international marriage by the author of "On the Branch" might conceivably be a contribution worth while. In the present story, which first appeared some years ago, the parties to the contract are picked with a manifest desire to avoid the charge of exaggeration. The heroine, a charming girl of twenty-one, belongs to a fashionable but dignified old New York family. The hero is a young French marquis whose affairs require that he shall marry great wealth, or else put upon the market his ancestral estate. The meeting is in Paris. If the degree of love felt by the marquis does not quite efface his memory of an impeccable duchess, Annie at least enters into her new life whole-heartedly. But scarcely is the honeymoon at an end before inherent difficulties appear. Annie's insensitiveness to some treasured European tradition, for instance, her blunt misunderstanding of Catholic rites, recalls to the hero's mind, by contrast, the duchess's delicate spirituality, and at length sends him secretly to her arms. It is some years before Annie discovers his infidelity, and meanwhile her bond to her husband has been strengthened by the birth of a child, for whose sake there must be no thought of a separation. The story ends with the three on the point of making a visit to this country—under the circumstances a pleasant prospect for Annie!

The Amateur Gentleman. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The scene of Mr. Farnol's new romance opens in an English inn owned by a retired prize-fighter. The son, who has unexpectedly come into a great fortune, declares his determination to go up to London and become a gentleman. The father scoffs at the young man, and swears he shall not start on so mad an adventure until he has thrashed him, the ex-pugilist—which the son proceeds, firmly and amicably, to do. The last scene is also at the inn, where we behold the hero with a ministering duchess at his side and a marvellously fair lady at his feet.

Between lies the world Mr. Farnol has evoked from memoirs of the days when the "first gentleman of Europe" was waiting to become the King of Great Britain. The fun and the perils go fast and furious—noblemen and servants, jockies and mad visionaries and forlorn damsels and money-lenders and retired sea-captains are mixed up in a huge kind of play, for which the stakes are heavy, often even life or death. The narrative is a little too long, and particularly drags towards the end; the style, though lively and highly colored, is marred by one or two tricks that become annoying by repetition, but withal the story is diverting, full of invention and dash and honest sentiment. It can be recommended as belonging to the best reading of the day.

THE MAN NAPOLEON.

The Personality of Napoleon. By J. Holland Rose, Litt. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

When a man who knows a great deal about a great subject discloses briefly and charmingly the heart of his subject, his book is likely to be worth reading. This is such a book. When Mr. Rose was invited to give the Lowell Lectures in Boston, a year ago, he evidently did not feel that he was called upon to read a narrative of Napoleon's life of the ordinary chronological sort; for he had already done that at length in his two-volume biography and in brief in the compressed encyclopædia article which displaces J. R. Seeley's biographical sketch in the new edition of the Britannica. Nor did Mr. Rose merely recast material which he had already published. These eight lectures are full of new facts and fresh thoughts.

The first seven lectures on Napoleon the Man, the Jacobin, the Warrior, the Lawgiver, the Emperor, the Thinker, and the World-Ruler, flash before the reader the whole career of the man seen from different points of view. This is the novel part of the book and enables Mr. Rose effectively to point out again and again the constant transformation which Napoleon was undergoing in the course of his life. At Valence the pure idyllic youth of seventeen, with olive cheeks, wan with study, feasted his eyes on the innocent face of a Provençal maiden in the glow of sunrise, when "all our happiness consisted in eating cherries together." At twenty-six he fell in love, stirred by the languorous charms of the beautiful but unworthy Creole. Within a dozen years his love for her was dead, and for reasons of state he contracted another marriage with the Austrian Marie Louise. At St. Helena, forgetting the Provençal cherries and the frenzy of his first passion for Joséphine, he finally pronounced that "love must be the occupation of the idle man, the temporary distraction of the warrior, and the chief peril of the sovereign." In the second lecture Mr. Rose shows him passing through the same kind of transformation in his political thought. Bonaparte entered politics as an ardent disciple of Rousseau and consequently as a Jacobin; he had even defended Rousseau fervently against a Genevese pastor who had protested against the attacks on Christianity contained in the "Contrat Social." Gradually he began to realize that Rousseau wrote with a Swiss canton, not France, in view; that the French Jacobins had committed an unpardonable crime alike against Rousseau and common-sense in their persistent attempt to apply the principles of the "Contrat Social" to a great state like France. He saw the need of a strong government to keep down the royalists and to push the war of conquest in Italy which he had begun to lead. And so, in 1800, visiting the room in which Rousseau died, he exclaimed, "He is a fool, your Rousseau! it is he who has brought us to our present condition." A few minutes later, on visiting Rousseau's tomb in the Isle of Poplars, hard by, he continued, "The future will discover whether it was not better, for the repose of the world, that neither Rousseau nor I had ever been born"—remarkable words which sound the death-knell of Jacobinism in him and suggest the coming Imperialism.

Most interesting, perhaps, is the lecture on Napoleon the Thinker, in which Mr. Rose traces the evolution of the great man's ideas on religion, superstition, Fortune, and his views on Voltaire and Tacitus. He suggests that it was Napoleon's boyhood reading of Plutarch and of the prominent part played by Fortune among the Greeks and Romans, notably in the remarkably lucky career of Timoleon as related by Plutarch, which originally made Napoleon think that he, too, might become Fortune's

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minion. In reality he had no faith in Fortune as Wallenstein had; his dry reason taught him that "man is always free, always master of himself," that "luck consists in always making preparations for every alternative," and that "Providence is on the side of the big battalions." Nevertheless, when the Corsican youth grew up and turned from Plutarch to practical politics, his keen insight into character showed him that the masses believe more or less in the influence of Fortune. Some generals are regarded as lucky and others as unlucky. He saw the advantage of being regarded as one of the lucky ones. Wellington used to say that Napoleon's presence on the battlefield was worth 40,000 men. Therefore, Napoleon deliberately spread the idea that he was Fortune's favorite. He shrewdly conquered Fortune by claiming that she was already on his side. By cool calculation he succeeded in having people regard him as the Man of Destiny, as though he sat up at night viewing the stars and casting horoscopes. He never did anything so foolish. If he sat up very late, it was in order to transact business and complete preparations.

Why did Napoleon fail? So far as any one formula can be assigned to explain such a complex question, Mr. Rose would say, "hardening of the brain." Napoleon had risen to power by his imagination, will, and extraordinary capacity for work and for clear and precise thinking on practical problems. He had acted, as he himself said, "by mere dry calculation." From his Corsican ancestry he had also inherited great impulsiveness and nervous intensity. In his earlier years the "mere dry calculation" of his brain had curbed the impulsiveness of his nature and checked the romantic flight of his fancy. Gradually great success began to impair the inhibitive power of his brain. The passion for the grandiose overmastered the calculating faculties which in early life generally held ambition in leash. He began to feel, as some one has shrewdly remarked of Napoleon III, "condamné d'être brillant." From the mistaken invasion of Spain until the reckless false moves at Waterloo, Mr. Rose traces the weakening of Napoleon's earlier power of cool calculation and the increasing mastery of passion and impulse. Megalomania had caused hardening of the brain.

In Wicklow, West Kerry, The Congested Districts. By J. M. Synge. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. $1.25 net.

These essays, dealing with the peasantry and conditions of life on the western coast of Ireland, have all the charm of Mr. Synge's papers on the Aran Islands, and derive additional value from their shrewd and sympathetic observation of the effect of the various relief measures recently undertaken by the British Government. They are, as might be expected, especially felicitous in their vivid sketches of individual character, in their descriptions of land and sea, their preservation of illuminative domestic detail, and their variety of anecdote.

He draws a striking picture of the vagrants of Wicklow and of the desolation in the hill districts brought about by death and emigration. The cholera played havoc in that region between sixty and seventy years ago, and there were ghastly incidents. An old man told him that, in the general panic, some sufferers were buried alive and that one husband, whose wife had been carried to the dead-house, made his way thither at midnight and found her still living amid forty corpses. He carried her home on his back and she recovered, to be shunned by her neighbors as one returned from the grave. After that, for many years, the population grew thinner and thinner and poorer and poorer. Not only the small farmers and fishers suffered. The country is full of deserted ruins, sole remnants of what, in the eighteenth century, were the luxurious homes of a high-spirited aristocracy. Landlords paid a heavy penalty for their greed and improvidence. Naturally, there is a tragic undertone in most of Mr. Synge's pages, but it is continually brightened by flashes of the comic spirit which is so potent an element in Irish character. There is an admirable illustration of enjoyment under difficulties in his account of a circus performance, in a leaky tent, during a torrential downpour, in West Kerry, and this is followed by a delightful sketch of cottage life in the Great Blasket. Here the simplicity was entirely patriarchal, but the peasant hosts proved that neither happiness nor hospitality was made impossible by the narrowness of their means or their accommodations.

In speaking of the wretchedness in the congested districts, and especially on the Galway seaboard, Mr. Synge remarks that "it is a part of the misfortunes of Ireland that nearly all the characteristics which give color and attractiveness to Irish life are bound up with a social condition which is near to penury." He makes it plain that the model, or modern, cottages erected in certain places by the Congested District Boards, are far less picturesque than many of the miserable hovels which scarcely afford shelter. It is a pity, of course, that artistry must sometimes be sacrificed to material benefit. That the relief boards have done and are doing good work, he freely admits, but he laments that the authorities often fail to consider the natural capacities and traditional occupations of the natives, and put them to uncongenial tasks, such as road-making of doubtful value, instead of encouraging them to develop their ancient industries of kelp-manufacture and boat-building, both of which are profitable. Nor does he believe that the land, in the poorest localities, can be made to support the population by any system of redistribution. But he expresses hope that a general improvement in the situation may be effected by former emigrants who are now beginning to return to their old homes. The book is full of interesting and suggestive matter.

History of Plymouth Plantation, 1620-1647. By William Bradford. In two volumes. Boston: Published for the Massachusetts Historical Society, by Houghton Mifflin Co. $15 net.

The Massachusetts Historical Society has departed from the customary routine of its publications by authorizing the preparation of new editions of the histories of Bradford and Winthrop and by issuing them in a series distinct from the familiar Collections and Proceedings. The new enterprise deserves unstinted praise from scholars and the public alike, both for the wisdom that prompted it and for the skill that has accompanied its execution.

The two sumptuous volumes containing the text of Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation" have been prepared by Worthington C. Ford, the editor of the Society's publications, and printed in a manner that is almost faultless by the Riverside Press. The only possible criticism from a typographical point of view concerns the facsimiles of autographs and signatures printed with the text, which are not as sharp as one might wish, a fault due, it may be, to the paper employed. The editor's reproduction of the text seems to be letter-perfect: "William King" is for the first time properly rendered "William Ring," and even Bradford's odd slip, "the Charels-river," previously corrected, is here retained. Mr. Ford states that the history is now printed in its entirety for the first time, but he does not say wherein the edition of 1898, supposedly compared word for word with the facsimile of 1896, is imperfect, and it must be said that a comparison of the two texts discloses no omissions. On the other hand, the defects of the first, or Deane, edition are well known, and the version printed in the "Original Narratives of American History" was rightfully abbreviated. The great value of Mr. Ford's text, however, lies in its readability, as all abbreviations, symbols, and ligatures have been extended, and the text, in all respects save the spelling, has a modern look. Especially noteworthy is the printing of *the* for the form *ye*, which has been ren-

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dered so often in the past as if the first letter was *y* instead of an inverted *th*.

More than half the work is taken up with illustrations and footnotes. "Whatever was authentic and of contemporaneous origin," says Mr. Ford, "has been brought into the notes, so as to present as full a picture of the life of the plantation at the time as the available records will permit." The result is an edition built up somewhat after the fashion of Bagster's English Hexapla, one original text being supplemented and illustrated by other original texts. In this case the supplemental matter is drawn from the writings, chiefly printed, of Bradford himself, Winslow, "Mourt," Morton, and Winthrop, and from the Plymouth Records. This plan is of manifest convenience to the student, though we think it likely to prove distracting to the general reader. Intermingled with these quotations are scores of notes written by the editor, explaining, elucidating, and elaborating the text. In general, these notes have been written with learning and good judgment, though inevitably the critic will find opportunity for the exercise of his craft. We would gladly have sacrificed some of the more elementary of the historical explanations for one good account of the business relations between the leaders of the colony and their partners in England. Mr. Ford excuses himself by saying that "it is difficult, if not impossible, to unravel the innermost history of the commercial experience of the Plantation," but the fraud practiced upon the Pilgrims and the devious business methods of Beauchamp and Sherley play too prominent a part in Bradford's story to be passed over without adequate comment. We should have been glad, also, to find explanations of such phrases as "brusht away their coats" (I, p. 233), "given at a clape" (II, p. 130), and "carried into Saly" (II, p. 435), none of which is annotated, though "Saly" is easily identified as Sallee in Morocco. Furthermore, why has Mr. Ford, an expert on documents and their repositories, confounded Her Majesty's State Paper Office with the Public Record Office (I, p. 73, note), and why, even with the evidence of his own facsimiles before him, has he always printed the name of the latter "the British Public Records Office"?

These and numerous other little slips (such as "Barnstable" for Barnstaple in Devonshire, and "P. R. O. America and West Indies, VI," a meaningless reference) are irritating and unexpected in the work of so eminent an editor. But they count for little in comparison with the large amount of accurate and intelligent comment that the work contains. The note on the origin of the story of the plot "between Master Jones and the Dutch to land the Pilgrims in a place other than the Hudsons (*sic*) River" is masterly, while those on the plague of 1621 and the extension of the suffrage in 1634 are informing and helpful. Taking the annotations as a whole, we must admire the range and thoroughness of Mr. Ford's researches.

Our Book of Memories. By Justin McCarthy and R. M. Praed. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4 net.

The friendship of Mrs. Praed and Justin McCarthy was founded at first on literary affinity and was continued on a basis of ever-increasing mutual affection. From Mr. McCarthy, Mrs. Praed received advice, help, literary assistance of all kinds, and was always able to draw unreservedly on his vast stores of knowledge of the world. From Mrs. Praed Justin McCarthy got an intellectual companionship which proved of the greatest benefit to him in those strenuous days through which he was to pass. He was never so busy that he could not find time to jot down a few lines, perhaps a few words only, detailing the crisis just past or just to come. Such is the tenor of the greater number of the letters which Mrs. Praed has edited with care and appreciation, and which give us as no other documents could do a vivid picture of the struggle for Irish Home Rule which was finally to fail and bring down in its fall the Great Commoner himself, weary and worn.

The life of an Irish Parliamentary leader was no easy one in those days. Justin McCarthy, idealist, enthusiast, patriot, most chivalric of gentlemen, most loyal of friends, found it peculiarly hard. As a patriot he had the same ideals as those which prompted some of the greatest crimes of the day, and the struggle to keep the political party clean from any taint of these awful happenings was a constant source of anxiety. The refutation of that Jesuitical formula that the end justifies the means had to be constantly on his lips; and besides he suffered most severely in his loyalty to his chief. For many years Parnell had been his hero, and when the crash came he could not at first believe the truth; so great a man could not have descended so low. But when the truth was out and the break in the party occurred Justin McCarthy, in spite of affection, of belief in the skill and ability of his leader, had to break away. The struggle in committee room 15 is historic now. Mrs. Praed catches many echoes of it in brief notes written in all haste from the room itself while the fight was still going on, little words which show that, if Parnell, baited, and with his back to the wall, suffered in the fight, the foremost of his opponents suffered even more.

Politics is the keynote of the letters. Whatever else McCarthy was, he was first and foremost a politician. Yet he was no fanatic. Men and women loved him for his sympathy, his chivalry, his absolute honesty of purpose. He writes of people of all kinds as his friends, and he dabbled in all sorts of literary work. He was a novelist, leader-writer, short-story writer, all by turns and all at once, a dramatist, a politician always, and a great-hearted idealist who had one aim, one ambition. He went on a lecturing trip to America, covered half the continent, and met all the men of mark of the early eighties. Mrs. Praed was the recipient of many most interesting letters written from all sorts of places over the Eastern half of the United States.

The value of this work, however, is not in the people and places it describes, varied and interesting and well done as they are, but lies in the picture of the man, drawn all unconsciously by himself and now etched in and laid before us by one who was well qualified to finish the portrait, and did so as a labor of love.

Notes

"Essays in Biography," by Charles Whibley, is among forthcoming volumes announced by E. P. Dutton.

Miss Bertha Runkle will issue this season, through the Century Co., an historical romance, entitled "The Scarlet Rider."

The first copies of the "Britannica Year-Book, 1913," are now appearing from the press of the Encyclopædia Britannica Co. (New York). It aims to do for a single year, 1911-1912, what the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia has done for all time.

In "Royal Women: Their History and Romance," which McClurg is publishing, Mary Ridpath-Mann deals with Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, and the Empress Josephine.

"The Letters, Speeches, and Correspondence of Carl Schurz," which will appear under the imprint of the Putnams in April, have been prepared for publication under the general auspices of the Carl Schurz Memorial Committee, which was formed in 1906. The work, complete in six volumes, has been in the hands of a sub-committee, of which Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has been chairman, and the editing has been done by Frederic Bancroft.

Putnams also promise shortly: "Little Thank You," a story by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor; "The Fringe of the Desert," a novel by Rachel Swete Macnamara; "The Psychology of Revolutions," by Gustave Le Bon; "The Cyclopædia of Social Usage," by Helen L. Roberts; "Trails and Tramps in Alaska and New Foundland," by William S. Thomas; "Personality," by F. B. Jevons; "The Economics of Everyday Life," by T. H. Penson, and "The Book of Judges" (the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges), with introduction and notes by Prof. G. A. Cooke.

Burns & Oates, of London, have in prepa-

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ration "Shelley, and Other Essays and Reviews," by Francis Thompson, in a volume uniform with the two volumes of Thompson's "Collected Poems," previously announced in these columns.

The handy and well-tested "Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe" comes to us from Houghton Mifflin Company, with the regular annual revision.

"Daily Song," an anthology published by George H. Doran Co., bears as second title, "A Year-Book of Spiritual Cheer." It contains a poem for each day of the year, most of them of an edifying, though not distinctly religious, character. The selection is commendable.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued an attractive reprint of the "Lincoln-Douglas Debates," with an introduction by George Haven Putnam. The text is apparently that of the Columbus edition of 1860, with modernized punctuation. The absence of an index is regrettable.

The following is an instance of the ridiculous prices at which books sometimes sell at auction in New York city. The New York State Library sent to its agent bids upon thirty-two several items in Part 4 of the Hoe sale. It was not able to procure a single one of these items, which sold for an aggregate of $583. The Library thereupon commissioned this agent to procure these books at any price within the amount of the original bids. Within four months of the sale the thirty-two items were delivered at a net cost to the Library of $175.35. In many cases the copies received were better bound than those in the Hoe library, and in no case were the books apparently inferior in condition.

In our review of F. Wolcott Stoddard's "Tramps Through Tyrol," we criticised "Amras" as erroneous for *Ambras*. Mr. Stoddard informs us that both these forms occur in Baedeker and elsewhere. We accept the correction, but "Ambras" is certainly the better spelling, and this form alone is used throughout Austria.

The Massachusetts Biographical Society has published advance sheets of its forthcoming "Biographical History of Massachusetts," of which Dr. S. A. Eliot is editor-in-chief. The contents are an introduction by Dr. E. E. Hale and the autobiography of the late Gamaliel Bradford. Dr. Hale pictures in his characteristic way what the State stands for in the history of the nation. Among other statements is one which will surprise many readers, that for long periods in the Revolutionary War "Massachusetts had more seamen engaged against King George's navy than were serving in that navy against her." The autobiography is of great interest, especially the part showing the main object of the last forty years of Mr. Bradford's life, the study of the "Lesson of Popular Government."

Lilian Rea's "The Enthusiasts of Port Royal" (Scribner) is a readable but distinctly amateurish account of seventeenth-century Jansenism. With such recent and excellent treatments of this subject in English as Miss Lowndes's "Nuns of Port Royal" and Lord St. Cyres's "Pascal" it is indeed not entirely obvious why the present volume should have been written at all. Miss Rea differs from the Port-Royalists in being a romantic rather than a religious enthusiast. Herein she resembles the greatest of all the historians of Port-Royal, Sainte-Beuve, who was drawn, he says, to Jansenism by the poetry of its inner life. This type of religiosity would seem more appropriate to the subject than Miss Rea's attempt to present it (to quote her own words) "in all the glory of prismatic colors." Her repeated references to Pascal as a stoic make one wonder whether she has not entirely missed the nature of enthusiasm in the Jansenist sense. If Pascal had not transcended stoicism he would not have deserved in this sense to rank as an enthusiast at all. In general, Miss Rea is more at home in dealing with the picturesque and anecdotal than with the intellectual and religious aspects of the movement.

How Tolstoy's writings were constantly censored by his wife, is told in a book recently published in Russia ("The Living Words of Tolstoy," by I. Teneromo), which contains the author's reminiscences of his visits to Tolstoy. For example, "War and Peace" originally included a description of Ellen bathing. Pierre Bezuhov accidentally sees through a crack in the door, and then decides on the mad step, for which he was sorry through life, and proposes to Ellen. Tolstoy's wife vigorously protested against the scene, and the meek creator of "War and Peace" gave in. The passage was thrown out, and the marriage of Pierre Bezuhov appears without artistic justification. Likewise, Tolstoy's wife demanded the omission of a chapter from the "Kreutzer Sonata," which depicted Pozdnishev stealing in his stockings up the stairs to his wife's bedroom, and killing Trukhachevsky, in whose arms he finds his wife. The passage was one of the strongest in the novel, and the fact was of chief importance in bringing about Trukhachevsky's acquittal. The chapter was thrown out, and the acquittal remains unintelligible to the reader.

"A Chronicle of the Popes" (Macmillan), by A. E. McKilliam, is a volume of about 500 pages giving the chief facts concerning each Pope from St. Peter to Pius X. It is intended for use as a reference handbook, and offers therefore a simple, impartial record without discussion of causes or results. Such a work has long been needed, and this book, based on the recognized authorities, meets the need most satisfactorily. It is very generally accurate, though a number of minor slips could be pointed out. The Pazzi, for example, are consistently called the Pozzi; the account of the decoration of the Sistine chapel is incorrect; the Kingdom of Italy in 1861 lacked Venice as well as Rome. Queerly enough, not one of the 258 biographies mentions the date of its subject's birth, though the age at death is often mentioned in connection with the date of the death.

"The Latter-Day Saints," by Ruth Kauffman and Reginald Wright Kauffman (London: Williams & Norgate), is an essay in the economic interpretation of religion. The conviction of the authors is that "belief in God or gods has little to do with the form or practice of any religion. Religious forms are the spiritual results of the economic conditions prevailing at the time of the religion's beginning, and religious practices are modified by the modifications of the economic conditions that prevail during the time of the religion's existence." The rise and development of Mormonism is explained on this theory. It had its origin in the economic unrest which prevailed in the pioneer period in America. Polygamy was accepted as a revelation because a plurality of wives and bevies of children were profitable in the labor of a new agricultural community. Capitalism, which is declared to rule America, favored the growth of the religion, and Socialism will be its doom. The authors see no prospect of the decline of the religion of Joseph Smith until a new social system wipes out the economic injustice on which it rests. Notwithstanding this one-sided view of the Mormon faith and the degraded interpretation of religion, the authors have brought together a large amount of useful material bearing on the history of the Latter-Day Saints. They present the facts as to the origin of the book of Mormon and the character of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young in plain speech and with abundant proof from contemporary sources.

In "The Italians of To-day" (F. G. Browne & Company), Mr. Richard Bagot writes the most sensible popular account of recent Italian conditions and policy that we have seen from the pen of any Englishman. He was goaded into utterance by the calumnies which the English press heaped upon Italy during the war with Tripoli a year and a half ago. Few foreigners have at any time equalled the vigor with which he denounces "the sanctimonious hypocrisy" of his countrymen. Italy's experience with war correspondents simply taught the Balkan allies to exclude them altogether. Mr. Bagot shows that the English pressmen who calumniated the Italian soldiers could not possibly have seen what they pretended to describe, because they were leagues away; he shows also, from indisputable official evidence, that the Turks and Arabs practiced upon the Italians, whether dead or living, atrocities too frightful to be told in print. The larger part of his little book, however, is devoted to a discussion of more general conditions—the state of the peasant and workman, of the professional classes, and of the aristocracy. His account of the relations between Church and State is the best that has appeared lately, and may be commended to the Americans, not less than to the English, who have been misled by Ultramontane propaganda. Mr. Bagot may seem at times to assume that he is the only person competent to speak on all these matters; but this proceeds from his enthusiasm and his chivalry; and he is right in declaring that his countrymen are ignorant of the Italians of to-day.

Achille Loria, professor at the University of Turin, deals with the subject of international law in "Les Bases Economiques de la Justice Internationale" (Putnam). This book is the first part of the second volume of the Publications of the Norwegian Nobel Institute. The object of this Institute, as pointed out in the preface to this work, is "to keep informed of the development of the relations among the nations, and especially of the efforts peacefully to settle international conflicts, in order that it may be able to give its advice to the committee on

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the distribution of the peace prize." After pointing out the first germs of international law, which consisted in the substitution of a law of more general application for the tribal and family law, Professor Loria proceeds to show how the growth of this international law has been dependent almost entirely upon economic conditions. Competition creates the necessity for rules governing the commercial and economic relations between natives and foreigners, and the development of revenue determines the necessity of international institutions. When associations of groups of men, exchange, and other economic conditions increase the revenue up to a certain point, and the potentiality of production becomes paralyzed, the violent annexation of the revenues of others will follow; and this is a negation of international law. The means of this annexation is war, and war is always a reaction against a decrease in revenue. Furthermore, war, the pathologic means of increasing revenue, is bound to result in a violation of every rule of international law.

The economic conditions which have a tendency to reëstablish the rules of international law are the heavy damages sustained by the belligerents. That the nations have made some attempt to lessen these damages is evidenced by the agreements with regard to the protection of property and commerce; but it is not until more recent times that they have thought of the necessity of having an international law for the protection of human life. International law thus revived in this form differs from the international law outlined in the first part of his book, Professor Loria tells us, in that it is *abnormal* and *special*, whereas the other was *normal* and *universal*. With the increase in the size of the economic unit comes a decrease in the frequency with which war is resorted to, and it is thus that economic conditions tend directly to prevent war. This prevention is exercised by decreasing the advantages of war, and by increasing its cost and the damages which it causes. It necessarily follows that war becomes less and less capable of fulfilling its function, that of increasing revenue, and so economic progress tends to make peace the rule and war the exception. Professor Loria himself seems to be of the opinion that, owing to the development in economic conditions, war eventually will entirely disappear. Though the complication of economic international relations will give rise to more numerous differences, they will be better settled peacefully because it is now of the most vital interest to the nations to avoid war.

It would be a patient man, indeed, who should undertake to verify the accuracy of Capt. Albert Harrison Van Deusen's two stout volumes on "The Van Deursen Family," which is published by the Frank Allaben Genealogical Company. Since the work is written in a spirit of sober and wholly Dutch enthusiasm, there is no reason to doubt the fidelity of the endeavor, in spite of the more or less conjectural nature of the earliest traces of the South Brabant origins of these American and Canadian Van Deursens, Van Deusens, Van Dusens, and Van Duzers. As in the case of most of the Dutch Vans in this country, Deursen was first the place name and then the local surname. *Deur* or *dur* (seen in our word Durham) is Celtic for *water*, and so it fell out that the Jan, or Pieter, or Hendrik, who lived at or near The Water, became Van Deursen. Eventually, many of these and other Brabanders made their way to Haarlem, where was born, in 1607, the immigrant ancestor, Abraham Pietersen. He married Tryntje Melchiors, of Groningen, in 1629, and is known to have been in New Amsterdam as early as 1636, when he lived on the Heerewegh Straat, our Broadway, certainly at one time on the third lot south of Wall Street. He was the official Miller, or "Molenaar," and innkeeper, just as Tryntje Jonas was the official midwife of New Amsterdam. Marytje, his second child, married as her second husband Evert Jansen Wendell, who himself was the widower of Susanna du Trieux. Not until 1667 did this family use the local surname, when Pieter Abrahamszen added Van Deursen on a record of baptism. This sturdy Dutch stock started bravely on new soil, when the seven children of Abraham Pietersen all grew up, married, and raised families. The important American biographical dictionaries reveal only infrequent mention of the variants of the Van Deursen name, but of just such stuff as this family is the best, though not of necessity the most notable, fabric of American life made up.

Capt. Van Deusen's researches of nearly twenty years' duration seem to have been crowned by a self-conducted tour through the Netherlands in search of more light. He left few genealogical stones unturned in his itinerary, and he viewed the scenes of ancestral happenings with a natural satisfaction. The cuts are pleasing, as a rule, though at times portraying rather trivial objects, as, for instance, a handsaw issued by the British Government to one Caspar Dusen after his arrival in Canada in 1784. In the second volume there is a record of miscellaneous and related families, which is somewhat baffling in its arrangement and significance. As for the spelling of the early Christian names and patronymics of these New Netherlanders, it is the part of discretion to beat a hasty retreat from so appalling a maze. Few of us are of that stern yet elastic fibre of which the true genealogist is made. For instance, the Conrad Burghardt, and Mary, his wife, whose daughter Fiche married Isaac Van Deusen, the ancestor of the Great Barrington branch, are set down in L. H. Sahler's "History and Genealogy of the Van Deusens of Van Deusen Manor," as Cœnreat Hendrickse Borghghardt and Marya Janse Franse Van Hœsen. One must, indeed, walk by faith and not by sight in these Hollandish paths.

"From Religion to Philosophy" (Longmans), by F. M. Cornford, is not, as the title might lead one to suppose, a new book on the "present religious crisis." Its subject is early Greek thought, and its aim is to trace European philosophy and science back to primitive Greek religion, and, with the help of Professor Durkheim and the sociologists, to trace religion back to social structure. Thus, according to our author, *physis* is at first essentially social custom, and *Moira* is the projection of the social restraint imposed by the group upon the individual. In like manner, the two great philosophical schools of Greece, the Ionian or scientific, and the Italiote or mystical, are outgrowths respectively of the two great religions of the early Greeks—the Olympian and the Dionysian. In such a book there is inevitably a good deal of the purely hypothetical; but, fortunately, our author has not confused hypothesis with fact. This is fortunate indeed, for his hypotheses are often daring if not bizarre, and his implicit confidence in the French school of sociology is naïve. The reader who has his wits about him will find much that is of value from the author's sound classical scholarship; but the book is one that should be taken only with the large grain of salt ready at hand.

The Proceedings of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association for the Year, 1911-1912, indicate the growing importance of that organization. The papers show that there is growing up a group of younger scholars with the proper training, who are devoting themselves to the problems of Western history. Although the volume contains no contribution of great moment, still the average of the essays in scientific character and value is very considerably above that of similar contributions to the proceedings of the local societies; and gives promise that the study of Western history will soon pass completely out of the stage of antiquarianism and "gray-beardism," wherein it has lingered so long. The most successful papers in the volume discuss some phase of the anti-slavery struggle in the Old Northwest. There are several papers on the teaching of history in the secondary schools, a subject which the Association has taken up with great seriousness since its union with the Northwestern History Teachers' Association. The Southerners show a noticeable lack of interest in the work of the Association. Surely in a volume of this size there should have been more than one paper on some phase of history south of Mason and Dixon's Line. From the very beginning the Association has printed its proceedings on good paper and with excellent type, and this volume maintains the standard. The failure to print the names of the contributors in the table of contents seems to us a matter of just criticism.

Under the title "Primitive Christianity and its non-Jewish Sources" (Scribner), Robert G. Nisbet, of the University of Glasgow, has translated Prof. Carl Clemen's "Religionsgeschichtliche Erklärung des Neuen Testaments." The work is favorably known as a thorough and painstaking study of the ideas and incidents in the evangelists and other New Testament writings which offer parallels, or which have been supposed to be in any way related, to elements in non-Christian faiths other than Judaism. Chief attention is paid to alleged derivation from Babylonian sources, but Persian, Greek, and Eastern cults have also been searched for similarities to Christian ideas.

Dr. James Thompson Bixby, in "The Open Secret: A Study of Life's Deeper Forces" (American Unitarian Association), pleads for a spiritual interpretation of the world against the materialism represented by Haeckel. He appeals to the facts within the realm of personal life to justify belief in Providence, despite the invariable laws of nature. The book is a popular theodicy, an assertion of good as the final goal, written with earnest religious feeling, high moral appeal, and without argumentative bitterness.

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That there was room for the Rev. James Baikie's "The Sea Kings of Crete" (Macmillan) is shown by the fact that it has now passed into its second edition. And though Mr. Baikie has apparently no other qualifications for writing on Crete than a diligent reading of what other people have published and a wholesome enthusiasm for the subject, nobody can deny that he has produced a readable book, which has the further advantage of numerous, good illustrations. He shows his good sense by acknowledging himself an outsider and not advancing any original theories. The new edition is virtually a reprint of the first edition, which appeared in 1910. The only addition is a short note on the translations of the "Phæstos Disk," attempted by Professor Hempl and Miss Stawell. No mention is made of the important discoveries recently made at Tiryns; and the bibliography does not include Mr. Seager's new book on Mochlos.

Science

A Psychological Study of Religion. By James H. Leuba. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

It is now seventeen years since the publication of Professor Leuba's first contribution to the psychology of religion ("Studies in the Psychology of Religious Phenomena"), the appearance of which almost simultaneously with Starbuck's "Study of Conversion" marked the beginning of the serious and concerted work of psychologists upon the religious consciousness. Since that time the psychology of religion has had a rather rapid growth, and to this Professor Leuba has been one of the chief contributors. Some twenty-three articles and monographs on this subject have come from his pen during these seventeen years, and it has been his plan to cover the whole field in systematic form in three volumes, dealing respectively with the origin and nature of religion, the contents of the religious consciousness, and the dynamics of the religious life. The first of these volumes is now completed. As the sub-title states, it is a study of the "origin, function, and future" of religion, and it falls naturally into two quite distinct sections, one dealing with the nature of religion, its origin, its relation to magic, and similar anthropological questions, the other discussing the respective rights of the psychologist and the theologian in dealing with the religious consciousness, and the question of the possible future of religion and theology.

There are, according to Professor Leuba, three great types of human behavior (excluding, of course, the lower sorts). These are "mechanical," "coercitive," and "anthropopathic." The second includes those practices which are supposed to bring about their inevitable results by occult means that are neither mechanical and quantitative nor "anthropopathic"—in other words, magic. The third kind of behavior is the attempt to induce a desired action on the part of some sentient being by various methods of appeal. When behavior of this type is directed towards unseen and supra-human psychic beings, it is religion. "Religion is that part of human experience in which man feels himself in relation with powers of psychic nature, usually personal powers, and makes use of them."

Magic and religion being thus essentially different from each other, they must, in our author's opinion, have had different origins. It is a mistake to regard either one as an outgrowth of the other. Leuba refuses to accept either of Frazer's well-known views, namely, that magic is primitive science, and that magic is the mother of religion. He believes, however, that it probably antedated religion, and that it grew out of the belief in a non-personal power permeating things—the mana of the Melanesians, the wakonda of the Sioux, etc. Dynamism, as Professor Leuba calls this view, is, in his opinion, older than animism, and magic (or at least one form of it) is the attempt to control this mysterious power by non-mechanical and non-personal methods.

Animism, however, though not man's most primitive philosophy, did form the intellectual side of his earliest religion, for early religion is the attempt to win the favor of mysterious, but *personal*, beings. The origin of the belief in these unseen beings, according to our author, is not to be found in any single phenomenon. This view of the multiple origin of religion is not new with Professor Leuba, but for some reason it has seldom been expressed—and never better expressed than here. Too long have anthropologists been discussing whether the gods came from ghosts *or* from personified nature forces, as if they could not have come from *both*. And Professor Leuba's pluralistic theory not only is more persuasive than the monistic one, but enables us also to account for many of the varying attributes and characters of the historical gods which the older view found it hard to explain.

The reader who cares only in a general way for origins and anthropology will find Parts iii and iv much more interesting than the earlier sections of the book—as, in fact, seems to be the case with the author himself, if one may judge by the style. For, coldly scientific in the first part, it takes on in chapter 11 a warmer and almost a belligerent tone. Professor Leuba is here fighting the battle of psychology against invaders, and he does not mean to cry Peace, Peace, when there is no peace. The invaders are, of course, the theologians, and the territory invaded is the religious consciousness. Professor Leuba shows at length how, having been driven out of the field of physical nature, the modern theologian has attempted to make of the inner life a fortress for religion unassailable by science. Few writers have spoken so openly on this subject as does our author. His view may be stated very briefly. The great majority of modern theologians base their belief in God on the facts of the religious consciousness. Now, the facts of consciousness can be studied intelligently only by the psychologist. When so studied the following conclusions are reached: (1) There is no immediate apprehension of God or of the traditional dogmas, and to say that there is, as the mystic and the theologian sometimes do, is to confuse introspection and description which cannot be refuted with theoretical and highly dubious interpretation; (2) no truly scientific induction from the facts appealed to can prove the conclusions which the theologians base upon them. The facts of the religious consciousness can be explained like the other facts of psychology without appeal to any supernatural source. Thus we come to the final conclusion, that mysticism and the inner life are in no way evidence for the existence of the Christian God or the truth of the Christian doctrines.

In dealing thus with "empirical theology," Professor Leuba does not mean to attack all theology. His own philosophy, he assures us, is idealistic rather than naturalistic. He wishes merely to show up "the dishonest shifts to which traditional Christianity is now driven," and to serve notice on all theologians hereafter to keep out of the psychological field. He tells us that he does not wish to overthrow religion, and that he hopes there is a future for it. And here we come upon an unsteadiness in his use of the word religion which makes certain sections of his book difficult to interpret. If religion be, as he insists, merely a form of "anthropopathic behavior," must it not die with the belief in a personal God and with the attempt to "make use" of God by "anthropopathic" measures? Yet Leuba has a whole chapter on the "religion" of the future, which he conjectures and apparently hopes will be something of a cross between Comte's religion of humanity and Bergson's creative evolution, with no anthropopathic nonsense about it. And this suggests a question which many will raise, namely, whether Professor Leuba has not underestimated the force and the emotional value of continuity and tradition.

However this may be, our author is evidently convinced that the psychological study of the religious consciousness will in time destroy the last refuge of the belief in a personal God who entertains personal relations with the indi-

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vidual. And, indeed, he has put his case very persuasively. Yet the matter is hardly so simple as the hurried reader may be led to believe. The theologian will insist (as Professor Leuba knows perfectly well) that a thorough investigation of the religious consciousness will yield facts not fundamentally explicable on purely psychical laws. And though the theologian may be mistaken, it will be no easy thing to prove it. The mystic will insist that his "experience of presence" is unique in character—a claim impossible to prove and difficult to refute. The facts involved are complex and exceedingly evasive, and some kind of interaction between the soul and spiritual forces around it is at least conceivable. And even if a scientific "explanation" be granted, there would be in that nothing inconsistent with the belief in a "personal" God. In short, many thoughtful readers will refuse to follow Professor Leuba in all his conclusions about religion. But no one will be able to read his book impartially without admiration for his plain speaking on a most important subject.

The "Antarctic Disaster," the leading article of the *Geographical Journal* for March, contains Capt. Scott's message, written March 25, 1912, and the addresses of Lord Curzon and Sir Clements Markham at the memorial meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. Portraits of Capt. Scott and his four companions in their Polar surroundings are given, together with a sketch-map showing the sphere of operations of the expedition. Other subjects treated are Moroccan geography, by A. G. Ogilvie, with a map showing the Spanish spheres of influence; the formation of gravitation waves in the Culebra Cut of the Panama Canal, by Dr. Vaughan Cornish, and the progress of the Baghdad Railway, with maps. There is also the first part of a description, with diagrams, of some new and improved instruments and apparatus for geographical surveying by E. A. Reeves.

The aggressive activity of German scientific exploration is well indicated by the handsome form of official publication adopted for the results. The contrast between the "Mitteilungen aus den Deutschen Schutzgebieten," now in their twenty-fourth volume, and the official Blue Books in which British explorations occasionally see the light, deserves review under some such heading as Colonial Administration. One of the latest numbers of the *Mitteilungen* concerns the Manenguba highland of the Camerun region in west Africa, on which a well-illustrated report is made by Dr. F. Thorbecke, entitled "Das Manenguba-Hochland, ein Beitrag zur Landeskunde Kameruns"; it treats the surface forms, among which volcanic features figure largely, the climate and vegetation, and the native tribes. A number of photo-plates and a good map are included.

In these enlightened days of public sanitation and personal hygiene, when philosophers illustrate their points in terms of toxins and antitoxins, when microbe or germ replaces the bugaboo or bear in the nursery, it is well for the public, particularly the educated portion of it, to know some of the fundamental facts at least about the minute organisms which lie underneath. Such knowledge is presented in relatively simple scientific form in the admirable book on "Microbes and Toxins" (Putnam), by Dr. Burnet, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. It is not exactly a popular presentation, although an excellent, if limited, glossary will aid the uninitiated, while on the other hand, it is sufficiently deep to be a guide to the scientific specialist. The translation has been made by Drs. Charles Broquet and W. M. Scott. Written originally in the Pasteur Institute, it was to be expected that the book would have the flavor of Metschnikoff's views on immunity and intestinal poisoning; indeed, Metschnikoff contributes a short introduction, in which he says: "And the progress of microbiology leads us to hope that this science will one day liberate man from his fear of the grave, and to permit him to attain the true object, the true conclusion of life." The biology of lower forms of life, the relations of animals and plants, and the transformations of energy are clearly and ably presented. It is shown that "life as a whole could not continue without bacteria; they do not create life, but they supply it with the necessary material." While the beneficent rôle of the bacteria is thus not neglected, the other side, the malevolent aspect, is much more fully elaborated and forms the bulk of the work. The intestinal bacteria as the agents of putrefaction and auto-intoxication make an introduction for the discussion of Metschnikoff's views on the prolongation of life, and pave the way to a detailed description of recent progress in regard to the facts and theories of immunity. In regard to the latter, it is Metschnikoff's view again that is supported. The phagocytes, or white blood cells, are shown to be not only the physical agents in immunity, but the originators, through phagolysis, or phagocyte disintegration, of the immune factors of the blood. Other theories, however, receive just treatment, and experiments and counter-experiments are cited until the reader is overwhelmed with the perplexing complications of the problems, and he is ready to admit with the author that they permit of no one harmonizing view at present. It is unfortunate that such a useful and valuable book should show unmistakable evidence of haste in its preparation for an English-reading public. Not only is the syntax so poor in places that the meaning is lost, but innumerable typographical errors show the effects of hasty proofreading and an inexcusable carelessness in the making of the book.

Drama and Music

Prof. Brander Matthews has placed with Scribners for publication in the autumn "Shakespeare as a Playwright."

In "Court Masques of James I," shortly to be issued by Putnams, Mary Sullivan, Ph.D., attempts to establish Shakespeare as an important instrument in the court entertainments of James I.

It is not often that so much good white paper is wasted in a single volume as in the 361 pages of Weedon Grossmith's reminiscences entitled, "From Studio to Stage" (Lane). Mr. Grossmith babbles cheerfully, with evident self-enjoyment, of his boyhood days, at home, at a Hampstead Academy, and the Royal Academy Schools, with a serene unconsciousness of the fact that he has nothing to tell worthy of print, and no special gift of relation to give fictitious point to his anecdotal trivialities. That he is a man of varied abilities has been sufficiently proved by his successes as a painter and as a comedian, but the reflection which he presents of himself in these pages is not flattering, and he would have been far wiser if he had submitted his rough notes, as he calls them—and as they actually are—to some judicious editor. There is entertaining material to be found in them, though nothing very new or startling. An ardent fisherman, he gives some useful hints to the English angler, and collectors of old furniture might read his experiences in that pursuit with interest and profit. But even on these matters he speaks as an intelligent amateur rather than an expert. One of his best chapters is that on the methods of rehearsal adopted by Henry Irving in the famous days of the Lyceum. The theatrical acumen of the actor, his masterful direction, and his zeal for artistic detail are clearly illustrated. A description of a rehearsal of a Drury Lane melodrama is significant in its contrasts. Mr. Grossmith, naturally, has a good deal to say about the commercial side of the theatre and his own histrionic and managerial achievements, but the value of the matter is grossly disproportionate to the space devoted to it.

Kenneth Douglas and Carl Leyel have obtained control of the London Comedy Theatre, where they will produce to-day a play by Frank Stayton called "The Inferior Sex." It is described as farce comedy, with sensational incidents, and the scenes occur on a yacht, chartered by a misogynist in order that he may be able to write a treatise on his pet subject without fear of interruption by the fair sex. His plans, of course, are completely frustrated by a fascinating intruder, who, in the end, makes a convert and a captive of him. The leading parts will be played by Kenneth Douglas and Renée Kelly.

The opening of new repertory theatres in England continues steadily. The latest of them is at Croydon, where an experimental season of six weeks is to be tried, with a new play every Monday. Elizabeth Baker's "Chains" will be presented on April 14; Haddon Chambers's "The Tyranny of Tears" on the 21st; a new comedy in three acts entitled "The Situation at Newbury," by Charles McEvoy, on the 28th; Macdonald Hastings's "The New Sin" on May 5, a four-act comedy named "Dropping the Pilot," by Keble Howard, on May 12, and Bernard Shaw's "Candida" on May 19.

Reports come from Manchester of the marked success of the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" in the New Theatre in that city. The Juliet is Margaret Halstan, who renews her success first won in this character six years ago. Warm praise also is accorded to the Romeo of Dennis Neilson-Terry, and it is pleasant to note that special stress is laid upon the eloquence with which both players uttered their lines. The

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art of delivering blank verse properly upon the stage has not, it seems, been entirely lost.

The "Open Windows" of A. E. W. Mason seems to be a success at the London St. James's Theatre. The story does not appear to be entirely reasonable, but is well told and furnishes excellent opportunities to George Alexander and Irene Vanbrugh. They are Mr. and Mrs. George Herrick. The former is a Cabinet Minister, a supremely able and fortunate man, happiest of all in the love of his wife and beautiful daughter. Presently he gets a new private secretary, Philip Brook, and it soon appears that between the latter and Mrs. Herrick there is a secret. In fact, they had been lovers before Herrick ever came upon the scene, and when they were separated, it was to save her good name that she hastily married the man to whom she has long been devoted. But her daughter is Brook's child, not Herrick's, and the secretary takes care that the truth shall be told. But when it comes to the pinch, neither Herrick, who loves the girl too tenderly to infect her with the taint of disgrace, nor Brook, who is smitten at the last with compunction, can summon courage to reveal the shame and, in the end, both men learn to consider the case with broader minds—through "open windows," as it were—to let the dead past be buried and to lay hold on present happiness.

The London critics do not appear to have been deeply impressed by the performance of Hamlet which Louis Calvert gave recently with the Pioneer Players. A writer in London *Truth* says:

Mr. Calvert's impersonation of Hamlet is interesting, as must be every impersonation of the character which is not an imitation. But if his conception of the character were to be accepted as on the right lines, it would not be long before the play ceased to be played until some one with a more poetic imagination again unearthed it.

Sir Squire Bancroft has just given his last public reading, or recitation, of "The Christmas Carol," for charitable purposes. For many years he has read this work to raise funds for hospitals and other charitable enterprises, which have profited by his benevolent labors to the extent of more than $100,000.

Some of the best of Liszt's songs have recently been issued in sheet-music form by the Ditsons, whose latest Bulletin mentions them with enticing descriptions.

Liza Lehmann, who is, with the exception of Mme. Chaminade, perhaps the best-known woman composer of the day, has written a book of "Practical Hints for Students," which Messrs. Enoch will publish soon. She was formerly a singer herself, and, as a child, she used to get hints by attending Jenny Lind's classes in the Royal College. The book contains examples from popular modern songs, with paragraphs pointing out the pitfalls and showing how they can be avoided.

The department of music at Harvard University was founded by John Knowles Paine, whose portrait adorns the March number of the *Harvard Musical Review*. The same number contains an article by Paine's successor, Prof. Walter R. Spalding, entitled "Some Real Harvard Musicians." It gives a list of graduates who made a name for themselves, among them twenty-three composers, ten executants, twelve theorists and teachers, and nine musical critics. The names are also given of ten generous patrons of musical progress who are Harvard graduates. This number has an article by Henry F. Gilbert on Indian music, and a number of papers on current musical topics. In an article on the operatic situation abroad, Karl H. Eschmann comments on the curious decadence of the Berlin Opera, which has recently lost three of its conductors, Muck, Weingartner, and Paur. Richard Strauss remains, but he conducts only "once every three weeks, and then only his own operas, which need the prestige of his name to fill the house." The other two conductors are rated as little more than drillmasters. Not only Vienna and Munich, but Dresden, too, are ranked above Berlin. The dearth of singers is felt more and more.

The Berliner Liedertafel, the strongest male chorus organization in that city, is contemplating an American tour in the spring of 1914. Such a tour was projected a few years ago, but had to be abandoned on account of plans made to visit the Orient and also Russia and Finland. The series of concerts given in Berlin each season invariably attract large audiences.

Concerning Debussy's new preludes and his playing of them at a concert in Paris, the English pianist, Fanny Davies, wrote to the musical critic of the London *Telegraph:*

The Debussy group came second in the programme, and I think it worthy of note that he ordered the lid of the piano to be half-closed, as in ensemble playing. Then he arrived, quite simply, with his music in his hand, and after arranging it and his chair he played three of his new preludes deliciously, all perfectly simple, in strict but never stiff rhythm, always flowing, but never forced. His touch is beautiful, very sonorous in pp. passages — it creates an atmosphere of calm serenity, and absence of all fuss—his tempi are most moderate; in fact, he strictly followed his own directions in each case. He has that *Hineinlegen* in the soft chords that Frau Schumann always wanted, which carries the chords into the air.

Melbourne has a new concert hall, erected at a cost of $200,000. It has a seating capacity of 2,000, which can be reduced to 1,000 if required. It is to be opened in May by Clara Butt, who will be followed by John McCormack and Harry Lauder.

A bill has been introduced at Harrisburg asking the Legislature to expend $300,000 in the next two years for an orchestra which shall give concerts for a period of thirty-five years, under the supervision of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. If the bill passes, Pennsylvania will have the first symphony orchestra supported by a State in the history of this country.

After occupying his stall in Westminster Abbey for more than forty years, the veteran bass singer, Robert Hilton, is dead. Since last year he had retired from active service on full pension, but when above seventy years old he was still "rolling out his rich diapasonal notes" in the Abbey. Although Sir Michael Costa and Sir Julius Benedict frequently tried to lure him into opera, he remained true to oratorio and the church. As a glee singer he was regarded as unrivalled, and he was a leading member of the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club, the Round, Catch, and Canon Club, the City Glee Club, and the London Glee and Madrigal Union.

Clifton Bingham, the author of more than sixteen hundred songs, as well as "Lyrics without Music," a volume of verses, and "Love's Old Sweet Song," a novel, is dead in London. He was born at Bristol in 1859.

Georges Houdard, who is dead at the age of fifty-three, studied under Massenet, but soon gave up composing to become a writer on musical subjects. Among his writings are "Le Rhythme du chant dit grégorien," his principal work, and a history of the "Château de Saint-Germain-en-Laye" in two volumes.

Art

Della Robbias in America. By Allan Marquand. (Princeton Monographs in Art and Archæology No. 1.) Princeton University Press. $4.50 net.

With this handsomely printed and fully illustrated study of Della Robbias in America, the recently founded Princeton University Press makes its first important academic venture. It is the initial study of a series to be prepared by members of Princeton University covering the field of European art. No art series of similar comprehensive scope has hitherto existed in America.

Professor Marquand brings to his theme an intimacy extending over thirty years. He offers here merely a geographical selection from the complete illustrated catalogue of the Robbias which he has in advanced preparation. For the present work the form of a catalogue is chosen. One finds always a full description of the piece, a discussion of related compositions, and when necessary an historical commentary. The text is a model of cautious and urbane scholarship. Its peculiar value lies in the sharp and authoritative discrimination of secondary school pieces from the products of the Robbia masters. Since virtually all Robbias in private collections are ambitiously attributed, while the museums and art historians are often equally sanguine, this determination of the school pieces is very necessary. Despite the self-chosen geographical limitations of Professor Marquand's monograph, we know of nothing on the subject that gives so clear an idea of the qualities of the masters of the Robbia family.

When Cavallucci and Molinier made their catalogue in 1884 they credited America with one Robbia piece. Maud Cruttwell, in her catalogue of 1902, increased Cavalluci's tally of four hundred and eighty-one to nearly eleven hundred, of which ten were in this country. Professor Marquand's list passes seventy pieces, and most of which are reproduced. Eleven pieces are in museums. Far the most important is the exquisite

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and little-known Madonna, by Luca della Robbia, in the Altman collection. Only one other example of Luca's work is in America, but half-a-dozen pieces illustrate the beautiful practice of his studio. Andrea's hand and school are fully represented. Even portraits and coats-of-arms are found. Giovanni's work is to be seen only in the museum of the Brooklyn Institute, in the Metropolitan collection, and in the Gardner collection, but school-pieces of Giovanni type are fairly frequent. Professor Marquand's stylistic grouping of such derivative works is very interesting, especially the group built around an altarpiece belonging to Mr. Junius Morgan. These advance studies raise the hope that Professor Marquand's general catalogue of the Robbias will not merely define the work of the three famous masters, but also reveal and identify some of the interesting minor personalities of the school. Fully indexed and fortified with references to earlier authorities, this monograph meets the requirements of special scholarship, while remaining in style and appearance attractive to any reader of cultured taste. Its appeal is not merely to the academic public, but to all who are interested in the special theme and in the progress of American collecting. The make of the book is creditable to the Princeton University Press, but the cuts, which are in several cases muddy and inferior to those in cheap German books on the subject, are not worthy of the letterpress.

"The Letters of a Post-Impressionist, being the Familiar Correspondence of Vincent Van Gogh," is attractively published by Houghton Mifflin in the English of Anthony M. Ludovici, with an introductory essay. The book is timely, falling, as it does, upon the first considerable exhibition of Van Gogh's paintings in America. From the letters to his brother, upon whose bounty he lived; to Seurat, and to Emile Bernard, one gets a picture of the man at once pathetic and amiable. He came late to painting, and quite untrained. The robust polychromy of the Luminists and of the Neo-Impressionists fascinated him, and later he was captured by the barbaric energy of Paul Gauguin. To a kind of overemphasis, expressing itself in an almost symbolic choice and force of color, he was predisposed by that nervous intensity which ended in actual madness. The little pen sketches which are the sole ornament of this volume betray an almost morbid imputation of movement to nature. They are fine withal, instinct with a peculiar passion. For a few years he worked, or rather bungled along, in solitude or in uncongenial associations on the Seine or in Provence. With a frenzy of appreciation, he called upon the boldest hues of his palette to symbolize his emotions before nature. His drawing, never even in intention exact, attained a poignant tension. Soon he saw that his kind of painting should be executed apart from all models, but he never gained courage to forsake the fields for the studio. His tortured and vibrant canvases revealed an ominous world quite of his own, but a world not good to dwell in. Their apocalyptic character, which endears them now to jaded æsthetes, made no appeal at the time. Their present vogue is exaggerated, as was their former disesteem. Van Gogh's talent, while wholly abnormal, was never negligible. The reading of these letters will bring home the complete hopelessness of any such individualistic programme as Van Gogh attempted. Had he been, not a neurotic, but of the sturdiness of a Winslow Homer, this attempt to create unaided a new art must lamentably have failed. The very desire implies fanatical immodesty and lack of social discipline. For the rest it was an honest purpose, and stalwartly pursued, so the failure is written in the large lines of tragedy, and not, as in so many similar instances, in the sordid comedy of a gradually increasing charlatanism. The morbid power of Van Gogh's best paintings should keep them a place among the minor tragic eccentricities of genius. He was almost an El Greco of landscape, but without the Greek's shrewdly directed fantasy. His letters may serve as a perpetual reminder of what the life and training of the artist should not be.

Charles Moreau-Vautier's "The Technique of Painting" (Putnam) is a clearly written and interesting book with remarkable illustrative features. The author's description of pigments and demonstrations of fading, by means of color prints, will be useful to painters. Color facsimiles to scale of portions of famous paintings, Leonardo, Fragonard, Rembrandt, Ingres, Monet, Signac, and others are thus represented, show precisely the typical procedures of oil painting and spare much description. We cannot praise as highly the chapters on the care of pictures. Water should never be applied to any picture except in extreme cases, and after testing of the surface. Soap, of course, as M. Vautier rightly insists, should never be used. Those museum officials who regularly clean their paintings with suds are destroying their treasures. We miss any adequate account of the Pettenkoffen process, one of the safest and most efficacious.

Finance

THE "BLUE SKY LAWS."

The bills which passed the Assembly at Albany last week, with the purpose of regulating Stock Exchange business and the issue of corporation securities, unquestionably belong to the class once known as "huggermugger legislation." That is to say, these bills, whatever may be the motive and purpose underlying them, are hurried to a vote in complete disregard of the serious practical objections raised to them by disinterested critics, and in a shape which makes it impossible to say what their actual operation would be, though they meddle violently with the machinery of the legitimate investment community

Hitherto the least-discussed measure, but in many respects the most sweeping of them all, is the so-called Goldberg "Blue Sky Law," aimed at supervision of company security issues by the State. Behind this bill, which is patterned more or less closely on similar legislation proposed in other States, a proper enough purpose can be seen. Some control ought to be exercised over such issues as the shares of the Hawthorne mining group, and from such operations, which had cut an important figure in the rural communities of Kansas, for example, the "Blue Sky movement"—so christened, in the picturesque popular metaphor of the day, because designed to clear away the clouds and fogs from the simple investor's horizon—took its impetus.

Legislation of the same general purport has in fact been pending in no less than thirty-six States of the Union. But nothing could be more hopelessly inapplicable to the business of the country's financial centre than the bill which has now passed one house of the New York State Legislature. From beginning to end it applies to all corporation finance, small and great (with the sole exceptions of banks, insurance and realty corporations, and companies subject to supervision of the Public Service Commissions), the restrictions and supervisions which would naturally apply to a doubtful mining business.

Its language shows that its original authors apparently had in mind what is known as an "investment company" selling special securities, and that term was explicitly used in the Kansas law. But the New York law in its present form applies its provisions, not to investment companies alone, but to "every company." Its language, strictly interpreted, would apply its drastic provisions equally to the issue and sale of stocks, bonds, or notes, by a small business corporation or mercantile partnership whose affairs are in a few experienced hands, or by a great corporation known in the investment community, and with years of conservative history behind it. Before selling or offering for sale such securities, every company subject to the act must file with a board, consisting of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Controller of the State, a complete itemized statement of its organization, financial condition, property, liabilities, "and such other information touching its affairs as said securities board may require."

The examiner appointed by the board has the sweeping power of declaring whether the plan involving such security issues "in his judgment promises a fair return on the stocks, bonds, and other securities offered by it for sale." He may decree that it does not promise such return, and may veto the issue. He alone is to judge the undertaking. He may indeed decide "that the company is

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not solvent and does not intend to do a fair and honest business," and is at liberty to bring proceedings for a receivership, and from such decisions there is provided no appeal except to the three State officers above referred to.

Nothing is more evident, even granting the best of general purposes to the authors of this bill, than that it is an effort to apply, to the greatest and most complicated financial market of the Continent, restrictions framed to protect a Western village from the impositions of a travelling peddler of "dollar mining shares." Its plan is, in fact, open to specific objections which do not apply to the Kansas "Blue Sky Law"; for that measure placed supervision in the hands of the present State Banking Department, whereas the New York Assembly bill commits it to a group of elected politicians and an "examiner" who might be a mere political hack.

This necessarily brief summary of a complicated measure draws attention to only a few of the bill's provisions which, in operation, would bid fair to throw the financial business of the State into instantaneous confusion. Undoubtedly, it was such considerations which last month caused the Governor of Indiana —himself a leader in the campaign against fraudulent security issues — to veto a similar bill passed by the Legislature of that State, and to insist, as a preliminary to legislation in the matter, on the careful study of the problem by a commission of competent experts.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Briggs, C. A. The Fundamental Christian Faith. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Bryant, L. S. School Feeding. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Buttles, M. A. Bluets and Other Poems. Broadway Pub. Co. 50 cents.
Dickens Year Book. Compiled by L. E. Prentiss and G. C. Spaulding. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Doyle, A. C. The Case of Oscar Slater. Doran. 50 cents net.
Farley, J. E. The World We Do Not See. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.
Fillebrown, R. H. M. Betty Corbin. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Franklin, M. L. The Case for Woman Suffrage: a Bibliography. National American Woman Suffrage Ass'n. 75 cents.
Fuller, R. W., and Brownlee, R. B. Laboratory Exercises, to accompany "First Principles of Physics." Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Galsworthy, John. Plays (Second Series): The Eldest Son, The Little Dream, Justice. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Gidley, J. W. An Extinct American Eland. Smithsonian Institution of Washington.
Gladden, Hope. The Problem. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Grandgent, C. H. The Dark Ages. Reprint. Modern Language Association of America.
Greenberg, D. S. A Bunch of Little Thieves. Shakespeare Press. $1.35.
Gretton, R. H. A Modern History of the English People. Vol. I, 1880-1898. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2.50 net.
Hazeltine, Horace. The Snapdragon. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.25 net.
Irish Texts Society. Vol. XII. Adventures of Suibhne Geilt, edited and translated by J. G. O'Keeffe. London: David Nutt.
James, Henry. A Small Boy and Others. (Biographical.) Scribner. $2.50 net.
Johnson, D. P. The Accursed Roccos. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Kitchin, George. Sir Roger L'Estrange. Dutton. $3 net.
Lawrence, E. G. How to Master the Spoken Word. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.
Luttinger, Paul. The Burning Question. Rational Education League. 10 cents.
Mackirdy, O. C. Love's Soldier: A Novel. Cassell.
Mason, G. A. The House of Hearts in 82nd St. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50
Millican, G. W. Revealed by Fire. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Maury's Guide to Paris and Every-day French Conversation. Revised, enlarged. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 50 cents net.
Moorhouse, E. H. Nelson in England: A Domestic Chronicle. Dutton. $3.50 net.
O'Brien, Constance. The Guild of the Garden Lovers. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Parker, Gilbert. Works. Vols X, IX. Scribner.
Pausanias's Description of Greece. Translated with a commentary by J. G. Frazer. Second edition. 6 vols. Macmillan. $35.
Ridpath-Mann, Mary. Royal Women, Their History and Romance. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Roberts, Elmer. Monarchical Socialism in Germany. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Robinson, A. T. Why They Fail. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Santayana, G. Winds of Doctrine. Scribner.
Selbie, W. B. Schleiermacher: A Critical Study. Dutton. $2.25.
Stangeland, K. M. The Governor. Lane. $1.20 net.
Trask, Katrina. In the Vanguard. Macmillan.
Viebig, Clara. The Son of His Mother. Lane. $1.25 net.
Windham Papers: Life and Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. William Windham. 2 vols. Boston: Small, Maynard. $10 net.
W. L. Abner Grimes. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Worsley, F. W. The Theology of the Church of England. Dutton. $2.25.

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